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OF

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MR. GLADSTONE'S MANIFESTO.

LORD JOHN MANNERS, speaking at Melton on Tuesday, took occasion to compliment Mr. GLADSTONE on his attitude and language during the recent crisis. The compliment was worthy of that chivalry which once made a well-known politician and man of letters of the opposite political party describe Lord JOHN as having the most stainless political record of all public men of the day. How far it was entirely justified by facts may perhaps be a further question with not a few people. For instance, the remark that Mr. GLADSTONE's Midlothian manifesto "almost looks as if he had thrown off the trammels of office in order to devote his whole energies to the electioneering campaign" does not come from any railing RABSHAKEH of the English Tory party, but from a foreign newspaper, the *North German Gazette*. Perhaps what somebody calls "the blunt simplicity of the honest German" is not so very far out in this matter; and, if so, the conduct and language which Lord JOHN MANNERS, in the abundance of his courtesy, praises so generously assume a rather different appearance. It is both curious and interesting to observe the horror with which some good people look on reflections, however natural, such as that of the *North German Gazette*. Some of them apparently act on the principle that they love Mr. GLADSTONE, and that everybody who does not love him must be wicked and wrong. Others go avowedly on the scarcely less feminine principle that even Mr. GLADSTONE must surely be sometimes right. Both views appear to be equally inconsistent with a process which seems to be very difficult, which certainly is very seldom carried out—the process of simply considering every man and every action on his or its merits, and judging accordingly. For five years Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GLADSTONE's acts have received this treatment at the hands of a few people, and of only a few. Lord SALISBURY and Lord SALISBURY's acts will, it is hoped, receive the same treatment, and no other, for the next five years—or ten, as Lord GRANVILLE generously suggested the other night. This treatment is no doubt cold-blooded to the last degree, but it seems to be the best calculated to attain truth in political matters; and truth, though never popular, is not a bad thing.

But we have as yet no public actions of Lord SALISBURY's to subject to the obnoxious process of judgment on their merits, and we have a remarkable action of Mr. GLADSTONE's. To judge from the language of his most fervent admirers, there is almost an heroic virtue in Mr. GLADSTONE's announcement that he is going to do his best to get back to power. This is an agreeable instance of the kind of view which it is impossible for the cold-blooded person to take, and for not taking which he is regarded as a railing RABSHAKEH. What does Mr. GLADSTONE say? He was, let it be remembered, till three weeks ago Prime Minister of England, commanding an enormous majority in Parliament. Defeated, somehow or other, he refused to repair the defeat, resigned his post, and further refused (as to this there is no dispute) to resume office unless his opponents would first definitely refuse to take office themselves. He now says that he had never anticipated asking re-election at Midlothian or anywhere else. "But he is not at this moment released from his duties to the party which has trusted him, and the first of these duties is to use his strongest and most sedulous efforts to prevent anything that could mar the unity and efficiency of the great instrument which under Providence has chiefly and almost

"wholly made our history for the last century." This phrase is characteristically indirect and verbose, and it contains some directly contentious matter. But fortunately there is no contest over what the writer meant it to mean. His own party accepts it as a promise on Mr. GLADSTONE's part to captain the Liberal party with all his might in the coming electoral fight. If this is not the meaning we are not to blame, but Mr. GLADSTONE's followers, from Lord ROSEBURY (who is bubbling over with delight at the prospect of being still "under Mr. GLADSTONE's umbrella") to the lowest tag-rag of the Radical press. The meaning being thus admitted, what conclusion except that of the honest German is possible? Mr. GLADSTONE as Prime Minister surely had ample opportunities of preventing anything which could mar, &c. He could have retained those opportunities if he chose, either by utilizing the repentance of his strangely erring flock, or by complying with the QUEEN's suggestion of reconstructing his Ministry. He did neither. He flung the opportunities up, and has now embraced other opportunities which, it seems, he had previously not anticipated, of preventing anything that could mar, &c., as leader of a majority in Opposition and captain of a stump campaign. We do not know what the persons who love Mr. GLADSTONE may think, or what the persons who hold that the doctrine of averages assures him an occasional right action may think, or what politicians of the great courage and valiancy of Mr. C. T. ACLAND (who has just assured the electors of Cornwall that the Egyptian policy of the late Government was "firm and steady, though it had the fault of yielding too much") may think. But we know what every intelligent person who allows his intelligence free play must think, and the *North German Gazette* has formulated it for us very fairly. And we doubt whether Lord JOHN MANNERS's compliment, though a most cheering evidence of courtesy and chivalry in these ill-mannered days, is in sober strictness applicable to a statesman who, by his own confession and the irresistible logic of facts, is shown to have resigned, and for a time crippled, the Government of his country in order to obtain an opportunity of party electioneering with advantage.

It must, however, have been noticed by any shrewd and close observer of public affairs that a certain dubiety has apparently come over the Liberal party as to the greatness of this advantage. They rejoice greatly over the renewed promise of Mr. GLADSTONE's assistance; but, as all but the foolish of them know that there was not the slightest chance of losing that assistance, their joy has not the enthusiasm of complete surprise. Unpleasant suggestions are sometimes openly made, and often tacitly hinted, that perhaps, after all, it has been dangerous to let the Tories in; that perhaps, after all, the caretaker may have a will of his own; that perhaps, after all, the stopgap may be rather apt to stick in the gap which he stops. And if we refer to Lord ROSEBURY (bubbling as aforesaid) for the special grounds of comfort and joy to all good Liberals, they are found to be a little vague. Exchanges of jokes with Mr. BALFOUR about the wife and the yoke of oxen are all very fair and very well. It is good party game to assume difficulties in the new Cabinet, and tell stories about its members, and so forth. There is legitimate ground for criticism in Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF's mission to Egypt. But all this has very little to do with the great Liberal triumph of next November—with the Vizier's daughter which the Liberal party has already made up its mind to marry and treat very cavalierly when its glass is sold

and its fortune made. Of the means of obtaining that triumph Lord ROSEBERRY told his hearers nothing, except that he was going to walk under the same umbrella with Mr. GLADSTONE. He seemed to take it for granted that, with Mr. GLADSTONE established as umbrella-bearer, the umbrella could not but be carried to victory. But not so much as a rib of this singular political instrument got itself named or identified by Lord ROSEBERRY. "The Old Man and the Old Umbrella" surely is rather a vague cry with which to urge the British public to rush to the fight. But Lord ROSEBERRY seems to have had no other; and, considering that Mr. GLADSTONE has just voluntarily shut the umbrella up and left Lord ROSEBERRY and his other adorers exposed to the cold rains of Opposition, it seems less inspiring than ever. To speak with gravity, it is extremely desirable that Englishmen should note this singular attitude. The Liberal speakers, unless they unite the knowledge and the intelligence of Mr. C. T. ACLAND, do not rest their claim on the excellence of the actions of the late Government. They do not rest it on some dazzling programme of future legislation to be carried by the late Government after its restoration. They rest it solely on the fact that they are going to have Mr. GLADSTONE for leader. And they do this immediately after Mr. GLADSTONE has deliberately quitted the very position into which by their account it is their hope, and all their hope, to place him. It is possible, of course, that this may seem to some people politically desirable and reasonable. We doubt very much whether, if it is brought properly home to the comprehension of the average Englishman, the average Englishman will think so. At any rate the electors, not merely of Eye and of Launceston, but of Wakefield, do not seem to have thought so.

EGYPT.

OF the two important announcements as to the proposed Egyptian policy of the new Government, one is wholly, the other only partially, satisfactory. That a pause has been ordered in the insane scurry down the Nile is so good that it must be hoped to be true. The actual retracing of steps southward in the middle of summer, and before Lord SALISBURY has had time to draw up a coherent plan for holding Egypt, is probably impossible; but at least no more mischief than has been done need be done. The recovery of Khartoum will be inevitably accomplished by whatever Power finally succeeds in securing Egypt, but it will probably not be done just yet. The appointment of Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF may be regarded with more mixed feelings. A great deal of nonsense, some of it quite inexcusable nonsense, has been talked about this appointment. The "TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENT IN EGYPT," to whom the *Times* has entrusted the speaking-trumpet of large type, after attacking Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF in a dozen paragraphs, winds up with one remarking that Sir EVELYN BARING is your only man for Egypt. This arrangement suggests that the one accounts for the dozen. But the "TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENT's" argument for Sir EVELYN deserves to the full the uncomplimentary expression used above. That Sir EVELYN BARING's "faults have been the faults of the English Government," that he has "loyally sacrificed his opinions to his instructions," that "if his advice had been followed, the condition of Egypt would have been different," is mere nonsense—nonsense of that peculiar kind which becomes more absurd the truer are its facts. If the case is as the "TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENT" says, Sir EVELYN BARING is utterly unfit to have the charge of English interests in Egypt. For the position of half-Resident, half Minister, which he has occupied is not in the least like that of a soldier or sailor, whose duty is, it may be, to protest, but certainly to obey, and in whom resignation is a kind of minor mutiny. It is much more the position of a legal or medical adviser, who in self-respect and in duty to his profession is alike bound to throw up the case if his advice is not followed. What should we think of a doctor or a lawyer for whom it was pleaded that his faults were the faults of his patient or client, that he loyally sacrificed his opinion to his patient's or his client's will, and that if his advice had been followed the patient would have recovered his health and the client gained his cause?

The objection that the proposed envoy is a director of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank is one of those objections which are legitimate, but unimportant. Everybody to whom they are convenient makes them, everybody to whom they are inconvenient pooh-poohs them; and the impartial critic

knows very well that they are purely ornaments of attack. The other charge, that Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF is connected, if not identified, with the foolish and indecent charges which certain then irresponsible Tories, and certain always irresponsible Radicals, made some years ago against the KHEDIVÉ, has much more apparent validity. It may perhaps be the more appropriately dealt with here that nowhere was more reprobation expressed for this scandalous freak. Undoubtedly it would have been better that the selected envoy should, if possible, have a record perfectly clear of any participation in any such thing. But that such participation, even if it had been more decided, absolutely disables an envoy, we cannot pretend to think. The truth is that, though TEWFIK PASHA has been perfectly loyal, as far as is known, to his disastrous masters the English, and though any attempt to throw him over, unless for causes not yet known, would be most unworthy, it is quite idle to pretend that he or any Khedive occupies the position which in the case of an hereditary king or even an elected president makes personal considerations in the selection of envoys of the first moment. The Khedivate can plead for itself neither right divine nor the popular will. It is an institution representing a very little and a very modern heredity, tempered by a great deal of extremely arbitrary selection, and the individual holder of the office is little more than a nominally permanent Governor of Egypt. That is to say, his position is official, not personal, and relations between him and an English envoy are relations between the Khedive and the English envoy merely, not relations between TEWFIK PASHA and Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF. Both are sufficiently men of the world to understand this, and, unless make-bates do their bad office, there need be no fear of the understanding failing.

Our own objection to the appointment is of an entirely different kind. We cannot see what any further missions to examine and report can do or for what they are wanted. With the Pelion of Lord NORTHBROOK's results already on the Ossa of Lord DUFFERIN's, it really seems superfluous to set Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF to superimpose an Olympus of his own, and cumber the matter further. What ought to be done with Egypt in general is perfectly clear, and neither Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF nor any one else can or need waste time in drawing up a scheme of what should be done in detail. Put the administration really, instead of nominally and half-heartedly, under English control; discard all idea of going away in two years or twenty years or two hundred, if the country is not reduced to order and prosperity by that time; pay the necessary debts, if it must be so, out of English money or on English guarantee; never allow a single step to be taken affecting foreign countries except with the deliberate purpose of backing it up with the whole power of England; simplify as much as possible the official staff and system; lay down a definite scheme for recovering gradually and economically the necessary parts of the abandoned territory. There are plenty of men who can be trusted with the carrying out of each and all of these steps on the general understanding that there is to be no more shilly-shally, that what is done in Egypt England does it, and that foreign nations will have to reckon with England. Short of some such proceeding as this, no good can be done by Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF or by anybody else, and we, at least, are unable to see how the doing of it is to be furthered by sending Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF or anybody else. It is not examining and reporting, but doing, that is wanted in Egypt. "Shut off the talking and the writing, and do"—that is the advice which, not only every well-wisher of Lord SALISBURY's Government, but every Englishman who joins patriotism to some knowledge of the matter, must give at the present moment. If Egypt has pressing debts, tax them and pay them; if she has faulty or corrupt public officers, clear them out and put better ones in their places; if foreign Consuls interfere with necessary measures, request the foreign Consuls to lodge their protests and mind their own business; if actual force has to be resorted to, as in the Bosphore affair, look up the letter of the law carefully, act up to that letter, and do not budge an inch from the action. All this is so simple as to be a truism, and yet so true that its simplicity is not sufficient reason against repeating it, especially considering the very different course which has been actually pursued. If, as the "TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENT" says, Sir EVELYN BARING is the best man for Egypt, and if Sir EVELYN BARING can and will carry such a scheme out, let him have room for repentance and carry it. If he cannot or will not, and Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF can and

will, by all means let Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFE take Sir EVELYN's bishopric. But, if we are to go on with Sir EVELYN loyally sacrificing his opinions to his instructions, and Sir HENRY loyally obeying his instructions by recording his opinions on large sheets of official paper and sending them home, we own that the prospect inspires us with very little enthusiasm. We may not, and no doubt shall not, have a repetition of the grosser and more intolerable scandals of the Gladstonian policy. We shall not leave another Sinkat to its fate, or throw another GORDON to the lions, or break open another *Bosphore* office without ascertaining the simple facts of the law, or advise a suspension of the Sinking Fund without apparently having the least idea of what would come next. But we shall make little positive progress in the reorganization of Egypt, in the establishment of English influence, and in the defeat of foreign intrigue.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S TETRARCHY.

THE substance of an article in the *Fortnightly Review* on "Local Government and Ireland" may be attributed to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN without discourtesy, though it may perhaps be rather inspired than written by himself. The writer, who possesses considerable literary skill, evidently intends that his essay should be attributed to the politician who has expressed the same opinions in recent speeches; but those who remember an article in the same magazine, signed "G.," will be on their guard against undue credulity. If the present advocate of a Tetrarchy is another person, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will not disclaim his agreement with suggestions which must in that case have been borrowed from himself. Although there is no other ambiguity in the article, the writer oddly leaves it in doubt whether he would divide the United Kingdom among four or among five Local Governments. His arguments seem to apply to all the great divisions of the country; but there is no direct proposal of a State Legislature for England. On the whole, it would seem that the essayist only proposes to unite in the hands of the existing English municipalities and of the future County Boards all the functions which are now distributed among School Boards, Boards of Guardians, and other local authorities. The question is fairly open to argument; but it must be remembered that Parliament has deliberately separated the duties and powers which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposes to combine. "We are," it is true, "confronted at every turn by a threefold chaos of area, rate, and authority"; but for the invidious term "chaos" it would be more accurate to substitute "division," and the school-rate is not separately levied. There is no obvious reason why every member of a School Board should also undertake the office of a Town Councillor, for which he may perhaps have neither aptitude nor inclination. Great Corporations have already quite enough to do without adding to their labours the management of schools and the administration of the Poor-Law. It may be inferred from the general scope of the essay, if not from any special passage, that the Imperial Parliament is still to manage all the English business which may transcend the competence of Corporations and County Boards. Some surprise will be caused by the dissent of the writer from Sir W. HARCOURT's scheme for the government of the metropolis. As he justly observes, the Bill "involves an immense centralization"; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN or his interpreter prefers the alternative plan of separate councils for all the Parliamentary divisions with a central body formed, like the Metropolitan Board of Works, by delegation from the district Councils. He assumes that the police is to be in the hands of the central Council, to the imminent danger of peace and order. It may be true that a Council chosen by secondary election would be more safely entrusted with the command of a great force than a Corporation elected on Sir W. HARCOURT's plan; but the withdrawal of the control of the police from the Government would be a wanton and ruinous blunder.

The parts of the essay which relate to England have little to do with the writer's main purpose, and the same may be said of a capricious proposal to confer on Scotland and even on Wales a kind of provincial autonomy. Neither Scotland nor Wales has at any time desired a little Parliament of its own. The Scotch have their own law, administered by their own Courts, and they are likely soon to enjoy the ornamental appendage of a Secretary of State to perform a part of the functions which are already discharged without inconvenience by the Lord Advocate. Wales, with one-fourth of the population of London, has no peculiarities

or special needs to justify the establishment of a separate Legislature. For several centuries the Principality has been governed as a part of England. All parts of it are nearer than Cornwall or Northumberland to London, and North Wales is in the immediate neighbourhood of the populous Midland and Northern districts. In those parts of Wales where the ancient language is spoken, the population, though naturally intelligent, is extraordinarily ignorant and prejudiced. An attempt to stereotype narrow provincialism is a singular kind of progress. The improvement of Wales can only be effected by the gradual removal of all distinction between Welsh and English opinion and custom. It is obvious that, if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had not thought it desirable to disguise a political movement as an application of a general principle, he would have left Scotland and Wales to take care of themselves, while he boldly suggested the concession to Ireland of practical independence. If there had been agitators who were also *Fortnightly Reviewers* at the time when the English kingdom superseded the Heptarchy, some of them might perhaps have recommended the detachment of Wessex from Mercia, with the ulterior object of reviving a separate Government in Northumbria.

Real or professed enthusiasm for the extension of local government in Ireland is at present loudly expressed by Radical orators, and by some who are scarcely Radical. Nothing is easier than to hold up to ridicule the anomalies of the Grand Jury system of administration, and few of the reformers appear to have heard of the Presentment Sessions. County Boards elected by household suffrage and invested with large powers of rating look more symmetrical on paper. There can be no doubt that, whatever may be the case with the rank and file of the party, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thoroughly understands both the present practice and the system which he would establish in its stead. He is probably well aware that the Boards of Guardians, who are the most popular in constitution of all Irish authorities, apply portions of the rates to the aid of contumacious tenants, and sometimes to the support of notorious agrarian offenders. There is no doubt that the County Boards will act for many purposes as branches of the National League, and that they will systematically sacrifice the rights of the landowners to the supposed interests of the majority of their constituents. If they or any central body by which they may be represented are allowed to administer the police, the supposed guardians of public order will be organized and commanded by the perpetrators and accomplices of crime. The County Boards will be the instruments of the most oppressive tyranny, and their members will enjoy perfect immunity from all the penal consequences of proceedings which will cease to be illegal. This scheme of internal government has often been described by Mr. GLADSTONE as the main object of his political aspirations. It is no wonder that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is still more active in his efforts to destroy the remaining securities for liberty and property in Ireland.

As a system of County Boards may probably be established in England, it is perhaps useless to protest against the pedantic fallacy of uniform legislation for all parts of the United Kingdom. The more startling proposal of a National Council for Ireland was first made by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in his Islington speech; and it is now reproduced in fuller detail by himself or by the literary exponent of his opinions. His extravagant invective against the present Irish Government, which is described as "the Castle," is also faithfully repeated. The English employed in Ireland are, as before, stigmatized under the name of foreigners; and it is not thought necessary to mention that all the agents of the Administration are, with few exceptions, full-blooded Irishmen. "The entire system of rural police, known in Ireland as the Constabulary force, and numbering about thirteen thousand men, is under the control of a Commissioner, who is 'appointed by the Castle.' Hereafter, it would seem, the Constabulary, composed exclusively of Irishmen, is to be under the control of the National Council or Home Rule Parliament, forming the nucleus of an army which would be employed in extorting from England entire independence and separation. In the meantime 'the whole country is 'under the dominion of an alien race.' Nearly the same words are habitually used by Mr. PARNELL, Mr. HEALY, Mr. DAVITT, and Archbishop CROKE. The Radical leader who hopes to direct the policy of England uses the language and perhaps shares the aspirations of the professed and irreconcilable enemies of his country. The powers of the National Council are, of course, to be nominally subject to certain limitations; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN him-

self can scarcely believe that its leaders would submit to any restrictions which might be imposed by the letter of the law. "If they exceeded their functions they would be liable to be brought to book on application to the High Court in their respective countries." If the absurd fiction of Scotch and Welsh autonomy is still maintained, it may be remarked that there is no High Court in either part of the kingdom, nor indeed has the Judicature Act been extended to Ireland. It is easy to imagine the storm which would be raised in an Irish National Council if it were served with an injunction from a court of law to restrain its proceedings. "A separate Parliament would add little to the practical advantages already obtained." It is true that a separate Parliament would have been practically created. The tacit assumption that the American Constitution will have been transplanted to Ireland may perhaps indicate another authorship than that of a practised politician.

The Nationalists have, in the first instance, declined to welcome Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's conversion to their doctrines; and, indeed, they vituperate their new ally almost as rudely as if they were insulting a Lord Lieutenant. It would be difficult and unprofitable to ascertain their motives. Perhaps they are jealous of an interloper and plagiarist; more probably they desire to guard themselves against the plausible suspicion of complicity. Nothing would be easier than for Mr. PARNELL, after making terms with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, to silence their noisy pack of journalists. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's agitation should succeed, there is no doubt of a renewal of the relations which existed when he was the chief negotiator on the part of the late Government of the Kilmainham Treaty. On that occasion it will be remembered that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN accidentally omitted when he read the correspondence in the House of Commons its most important clause. Mr. PARNELL was, in consideration of the other terms of the contract, to support the Liberal party. The Liberal or Radical party now bids higher for his support, and, sooner or later, the overture will be accepted. The present use of strong language will not prevent a future reconciliation—

Amantium ire amoris integratio.

It was hardly worth the while of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN or Sir CHARLES DILKE to profess a wish to collect information as the pretext for their intended visit to Ireland. Such inquirers take with them the conclusions which are to be ostensibly forced upon them; and, indeed, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has candidly enumerated the evils and their remedies before he has set foot on the Irish shore. It is impossible to foresee the effect of his new agitation on the English elections. He agrees with Mr. TREVELYAN that the English democracy cares only for domestic policy, repudiating the noble responsibilities which were undertaken and discharged by the more ambitious constituencies of the past. It is uncertain whether Home Rule will be regarded as a domestic question, and whether an undisguised appeal to the Irish electors in English boroughs may not lose more votes than it gains.

ADMIRAL HORNBY'S SQUADRON.

THE experiment in Bantry Bay has ended much as was foreseen. It was probable from the first that torpedo-boats would have no chance of overcoming the defences placed round the squadron at anchor in Berehaven. In actual warfare the fire of Admiral WHYTE's squadron would have sunk every one of its feeble assailants in ten minutes. There is a considerable probability that even if the torpedo-boats had been able to reach the boom undiscovered they could not have got over it. Sham-fights of this kind, and of every kind, are as a matter of course inaccurate copies of real warfare. If the leading boats of Admiral HOSKINS's flotilla had been sunk by the fire of the ships at anchor, their followers would have been much less eager to push on than they were on Monday night. The most intrepid of the adventurous sub-lieutenants and midshipmen who drove their boats on to the boom, and by dint of tomahawks and main strength forced them on to it or over it, would have either gone to the bottom at an early period in the fight, or would have seen cause not to try the impossible. Sub-lieutenants and midshipmen are a courageous breed, but they are made of flesh and blood like the rest of humanity. In actual warfare, too, the attacking squadron would not have chosen a fine clear night for its advance. But when every allowance is made, the sham-fight in Berehaven seems

to have been made as like the real thing as possible. The navy enjoys the good fortune of doing its work out of reach of mobs of spectators, and is infinitely less limited by fictions than the army. One thing is very clearly proved by the fight, and that is the comparative harmlessness of the torpedo. The comparison is not so much between the torpedo and other weapons of war, as between what had been prophesied of it and what it appears actually likely to do. That it is a formidable instrument under certain circumstances nobody doubts; but it can be guarded against by a sharp look-out and crushed by artillery-fire. The fact that a fleet which had sought refuge in harbour from a superior force would not have time to construct such an elaborate boom as defended Admiral WHYTE's squadron does not tell in favour of the attack, since a much weaker barrier would have been sufficient as far as the torpedoes are concerned. Neither does the fineness of the night on which the sham-fight took place afford any reason for arguing that the defence was favoured by circumstances. Bad weather, with mist or heavy rain, would have unquestionably made it much less easy for Admiral WHYTE's look-out to detect their assailants, but it would have proportionately increased the dangers and difficulties of the attacking side. Besides proving that a good look-out and good gunnery will be as valuable as ever in naval warfare, the experiment of Monday affords some reason for believing that a fleet at anchor in an unfortified harbour will again have the superiority. Until the battles of Camperdown and the Nile, it had always been thought that this was an exceptionally favourable position for giving battle. After the great feats of DUNCAN and NELSON the opposite opinion prevailed; but, considering how enormously the power of artillery has been developed, and that a fleet at anchor will be able to use torpedo-mines, it seems not improbable that naval officers may come back to the old view.

Against the success of Admiral WHYTE's squadron in repelling the torpedo-boats must be put the ease with which the *Polyphemus* broke the boom. If this experiment is to be accepted as a proof of what would have happened in a real engagement, it would seem that no defence ships at anchor can construct for themselves will be of any use against a heavy ironclad. Not the least noteworthy of this vessel's achievements was the ease with which she seems to have avoided the torpedoes launched at her. By dint of clever steering her captain contrived to get out of the way of all but one of these dreaded weapons, and the torpedo which did touch, struck at an angle and glanced off. So far it may be taken as proved that smart seamanship and a cool head will go far to counteract the malignant ingenuity of science. But while it is always pleasant to find that the service which contains the best men will continue to have an advantage over those which can only make good machines, it would be going too far to conclude that the feat of the *Polyphemus* proves very much. It cannot have been difficult for so heavy a vessel to break through any boom of spars and hawsers, and then the *Polyphemus* was only under a fire of imaginary bullets, and there were no mines to go off under her keel. What Captain JEFFREY did prove was that English naval officers have not lost their old qualities of promptitude and resource, and it was much to have that shown again when the navy is seldom thought of except in connexion with the blunders of the Admiralty. As the cruise of Admiral HORNBY's squadron proceeds, other problems of modern naval warfare will be brought to something like the test of experience. What has been done as yet, interesting as it is, forms only a small part of what the squadron was formed to do. The evolutions in Bantry Bay go to show that in the future as in the past the tiresome work of blockading will form a large, if not the largest, part of the duties of a fleet in war time. Before Admiral HORNBY's ships return to Portsmouth, some attempt is to be made, according to the original plan of the cruise, to discover what a naval battle fought by ironclads will be like. Up to the present this question has not received any answer which has been satisfactory to more than a very small proportion of naval officers. The one thing certain is that they differ profoundly on almost every possible point. It is even possible that the operations in Bantry Bay may serve to introduce a new subject of dispute. The virtues of the so-called *zareba* have so struck some of the officers present that we hear of a scheme to supply every squadron engaged in active operations with a specially-constructed defence of the kind, which is to be carried in a ship set aside for the purpose. This proposal, which is not altogether original, for Admiral HOBART PASHA

had already suggested something of the sort, must presumably have something to recommend it; but it is not easy to see in what its merits consist. The advocates of this new kind of armament insist on its merits as a means of securing a fleet at sea from night attacks. They seem, however, to overlook the fact that if a squadron is to devote the last hours of daylight to putting a boom down, and the first to taking it up, naval warfare will become an exceedingly slow business. A fleet which stops every night to shunt itself in a prison of spars, wire-cable, and gun-cotton will be slower in getting across the Atlantic than a sailing collier. It is to be presumed that the boom is particularly meant to be used in front of a hostile port as a defence against the attack of the squadron to be watched. If it was so used no great sagacity is required to foresee what would happen. The blockaded fleet would simply wait till the force supposed to be watching it was well tucked up for the night, and would then stand to sea with the absolute certainty of being able to show a clean pair of heels long before its enemy could get out of his own bandages. It is to be hoped that nothing more will be heard of this portable zebra. There is already far too much division and subdivision in our fleet. As things are going it will soon become impossible to collect a squadron of which all or even the majority of the vessels can be used together. Every naval force stands a considerable chance of being hampered in all its operations by having to look after a little convoy of transports carrying real or supposed necessities. The best defences of a fleet will always be its own speed of movement and smartness of look-out.

In the course of these very evolutions we have already seen what a nuisance a special vessel may become when taken from the exact spot she was built for. The "River" and "Rendel" gunboats have caused annoying delay, and have been a spectacle of helplessness. The cruise was designed to test the manœuvring and fighting power of every type of war ship in our navy, and it has effected its object most thoroughly as regards these types. It has shown that they cannot go more than three knots an hour on water rougher than a mill-pond, except when they are in charge of a tug. They had to go creeping along the Channel coast from road to road, till at Penzance Staff-Commander HOSKINS lost patience, and took them in tow of the *Seahorse*. It is surprising that he kept his impatience in check so long. A naval officer may pardonably get sick of a vessel which is of no use unless wind and water can be carefully arranged for its convenience. No doubt these gunboats were not designed for ocean cruisers, but craft built for coast defence have got out to China before now, and these brand-new inventions might at least have been made efficient enough to go with reasonable rapidity from port to port. If they cannot do that, they will be useless whenever the necessity for concentrating them on a given point arises. After all, the first business of a ship, big or little, is to move about on salt water. It would be improper to pronounce any opinion on the accident to the *Leander* till the decision of the court-martial on Captain DUNLOP and his officers has been published. The disabling of this vessel is the most serious blot on the general success of the Squadron of Evolutions hitherto. It is certainly a serious misfortune, but Captain DUNLOP is entitled to some consideration till it is proved that his vessel struck through his fault. He was navigating in dangerous waters and under trying circumstances in obedience to command. A very great authority laid down the rule that a captain who is nervously chary of his ship will never do anything considerable in war, and it is possible that Captain DUNLOP may be free from blame. If the operations of Admiral HORNEY's fleet are not a close copy of war, they need never have been undertaken.

BURGLARS, CATS, AND REVOLVERS.

IT is good news, as far as it goes, that the magistrates of Essex have made an order, with the sanction of the Home Office, for arming with revolvers the police who do duty at night in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest and the surrounding districts. Whether we have Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or Sir RICHARD CROSS to thank for the "sanction" is a matter of comparatively little importance, which our readers may decide for themselves as their political sympathies may dictate. The Essex magistrates were probably moved to their resolution by the story of the man LEE, who was recently hanged for the murder of Inspector SIMMONS

at Romford. There can be little doubt that this crime would have been prevented if the police had been provided with firearms. It must add immensely to the comfort of shooting at an inspector if you know that he cannot fire back under any circumstances. To aim straight with a revolver, especially a revolver that goes comfortably into the pocket, is not easy at the best of times, but it will become far more difficult when the target is provided with a revolver as well. It ought to be understood that the police should not use their weapons merely to facilitate arrest, but only to save themselves from attack. If this qualification is observed, and the police bear in mind that their position as constables will not excuse them from responsibility for unnecessary shooting, nothing but good need come from the Essex experiment. The temptation to persons engaged in felonious pursuits to make themselves practically safe from arrest on the spot, by the employment of those resources of civilization with which they know their opponent is not supplied, has proved too strong to be overcome by the fact that the shooting of or at policemen by criminals has always been punished by the judges with the greatest severity. It is, therefore, clearly wise to remove it by putting the combatants on a level. They may not hit each other often, but the burglar will be much less likely to begin the firing when he knows that he is at least as likely to be shot by his adversary as to shoot him.

It seems, indeed, quite possible that the police revolver, if it becomes general, may extirpate the felonious revolver altogether. There is nothing that your thief, garrotter, or other villain of the brutal type, dislikes so much as being hurt. He likes to commit crimes which enable him to spend most of his time in idleness, and he likes to do anything not too difficult or dangerous which will render crime easier to commit or punishment easier to avoid, such as shooting or stabbing a man who has no better protection than a blue coat, a short stick, and the majesty of the law. But he does not, any more than the little boy in CALVERLEY'S ballad, "like a few holes in his skin." And this, indeed, is the whole secret of dealing with criminals of this sort, whose existence is apprehended in the neighbourhood of Epping. If the unhappy LEE had had any reason to look forward to treatment of that sort, his victim would probably be alive to this day. And there are two ways in which this general truth may be translated into action so as to affect the violent criminal. You may discourage him from saving himself trouble by the commission of murder by giving him a chance of being shot. But you may also discourage him from committing the crimes which bring him in danger of arrest by putting him in peril of being flogged. By the present law the only adult criminals who can be sentenced to be flogged are those who combine the robbery of property with some degree of supplementary violence to the person. It is fair to the judges to say that when they can flog brutal offenders of this class they generally do; but they cannot do so quite as often as the moral merits of the occasion would seem to require it. It ought to be in the discretion of the judge to include a flogging in the sentence whenever the element of undisciplined violence is present in the commission of a crime. If it was made an offence punishable with the lash, not to use only, but to be provided with, deadly weapons for the purpose either of accomplishing crime or of escaping from arrest, it would be a serious and valuable discouragement to the adoption of such methods, and in consequence to the sort of crime which, as the administration of the law becomes more efficient, it becomes increasingly difficult to perpetrate in their absence.

There are various reasons for thinking that we are recovering from the morbid reaction of undue leniency to criminals which ensued, in the second quarter of the present century, upon the discovery that our penal laws, as they stood in the statute-book, were a great deal too harsh. Many people still believe that there is something barbarous in punishments which affect life or limb. They forget that the reason why larceny and robbery flourished in spite of being capital offences was that in practice only the very worst offenders were hanged, and the rest practically went unpunished. The essential thing that the Reformed Parliament did to the criminal law was to make it comparatively certain in its operation. The relaxation of severity was more apparent than real, and was probably continually being carried too far from that time down to 1861. At present the practice of hanging in private, and the occurrence from time to time of crimes such as that of LEFROY, which appealed vividly to the public imagination, have almost put an end to the agitations

there used to be against capital punishment. Even at Leicester we do not hear of an Anti-Gallows Society. CUNNINGHAM and BURTON had an extremely narrow escape of the proper punishment for high treason being revived for their benefit, and if it had been no one would have complained. And it is not improbable that before very long some Bill may be passed through Parliament which will seriously affect many of our most energetic criminals in their only sensitive quarter.

It is gratifying to note that, while the lives of the police are being cared for in Essex, their personal comfort is being judiciously looked after in Somerset. There, it appears from the letter of a correspondent in the *Standard*, the men are furnished with light tunics for summer wear, instead of the thick ones which are appropriate enough on winter nights. It is just as well to recognize the wide variations of temperature of which our climate can boast. It is certain that on any ordinary July or August day a policeman in serge will be able to run faster, jump higher, hold his prey tighter, and arrive at the station drier, than a corresponding policeman in regulation cloth. Thus increased efficiency will be the result of additional comfort, and the example of Somerset will, it may be hoped, be generally followed throughout the country.

COLONIAL TARIFFS.

THE Board of Trade Returns of the rates of import duties levied by foreign countries and by the Colonies necessarily consist of tabulated figures which no one is likely to consult except for some business purpose. The return of colonial duties for the present year is more than usually uninteresting, because, with one or two exceptions, there is no material change in any of the tariffs. A large addition to the duties on imported food, such as bacon, butter, cheese, and salt meat, has been made in the Cape and in Natal. As there can be little exportation of such articles from England to South Africa, the change is only material as a superfluous proof that producers can generally defeat the legitimate resistance of consumers. It may also be worth while to remark that the Crown colony of Natal is as much devoted to the cause of monopoly as the independent community of the Cape. A study of the free list as it is arranged in various Colonies would plainly indicate the branches of industry which have for the present a local existence. English manufacturers of silk yarns, threads, and hosiery will be gratified by learning that the duties imposed by the Legislature of Victoria on those articles have been repealed. It may be inferred that hosiery and the other liberated commodities are not made in the Colonies. An increase in the New Zealand duty on scented soaps proves that some colonial makers see their way to a competition with English soaps, if only the better and cheaper product is sufficiently handicapped. In Ceylon, which, like Natal, is a Crown Colony, there are additional duties on spirits. The Cobden Club, deviating for once into attention to its own proper business, is about to institute an agitation against high tariffs in the dependencies which are still controlled by the Colonial Office. Local producers will object to the reduction of tariffs not in the interest of the consumer, but for the benefit of English manufacturers; but in these instances the exertions of the Cobden Club may perhaps, if they succeed, do some little good.

Although the Colonial tariffs, like those of foreign countries, are principally framed for the purpose of protecting native industry, they are further recommended by the convenience of raising a Customs revenue. The whole amount of indirect taxes is paid by the consumer in the importing country, but the burden is more easily disguised than that of direct taxation. In early times duties on imported commodities were recommended to English and European sovereigns mainly by facility of collection. It was easier to levy tonnage and poundage at the outports than to follow the taxpayer to his home. In later times Customs have not been as unpopular as Excise duties, both because they involved less official interference and because it has been discovered that in some cases they gave a pecuniary advantage to indigenous producers of similar commodities. The perverse disregard by consumers of their own obvious interests seems to be incurable. The exceptional establishment of Free-trade in England has only been rendered possible by the electoral weakness of the owners and occupiers of land. The majority eventually refused any longer to subsidize the farmers, and the manufacturers could

not resist the application of the same rule to themselves. Forty years ago nearly all the great industries of the country were able to defy foreign competition, and the producers of silk goods and of some other commodities which had been artificially protected had not influence enough to prolong their monopoly. Any page of the Colonial Customs' Return, taken at random, illustrates the credulity of ignorant communities and the audacity of producers who profit by their blindness. It might be supposed that in the vast regions of Canada it was for the interest of the inhabitants to cheapen the instruments of locomotion; yet railway-cars, sleighs, wheelbarrows, and hand-carts are subject to an *ad valorem* duty of 30 per cent., and all other road and railway vehicles pay 35 per cent. In the same country watches are charged 25 per cent. on their value, and its shipping, which is third or fourth in amount among the commercial navies of the world, pays 20 per cent. on cordage.

One of the many causes of the obstinate vitality of protectionist delusions is the encouragement which is offered to monopolists by the envious remonstrances of Fair-traders and other apologists of monopoly. The advocates of reciprocity and of countervailing duties invariably assume that high duties are desirable, if only they can be attained. Mr. CORDEN himself, though he was the most orthodox of political economists, condescended in his negotiation for the famous commercial treaty to stipulate for some reduction of duties, as if it was a sacrifice on the part of the French Government. The complaint that the English experiment of Free-trade has failed because it has not been imitated involves the same fallacy. The present Colonial Return has already been used as a text for confused declamation on the one-sided character of the relations between the mother-country and the Colonies. It is true that importation is intentionally discouraged, though it is fortunately not prevented. It is absurd to suppose that any redress would be obtained by a servile imitation of a preposterous policy. In general it may be said that no colonial manufactures are imported into the United Kingdom, and therefore a reproduction at home of colonial tariffs would be almost wholly inoperative. It is not improbable that a majority of English farmers would welcome the re-enactment of the Corn Laws; but no serious theorist or politician seriously regards such a measure as possible. It is, therefore, proposed to tax goods which are not really competitive, perhaps with the ulterior hope that at some future time similar protection may be accorded to agricultural produce. It is perhaps a waste of time to argue against a scheme so hopelessly discredited as that which calls itself Fair-trade. The project is so absurd that it has been abandoned by some of its supporters in favour of a more plausible scheme. The project of Colonial Federation, which has been suggested on entirely different grounds, seems to have provided Fair-traders with an alternative policy.

It is gravely proposed that a Customs Union should be formed, comprising the possessions of the Crown in all parts of the world. The division of revenue in proportion to their respective receipts of duty would in itself be a complicated operation; but perhaps accountants could both deal with vast masses of figures and command the confidence of the outlying members of the Union. It would be necessary to impose uniform duties on imports to Canada, to Australia, and to the United Kingdom, in place of the wide diversity which appears on the face of the Colonial Returns between all of them and the simpler tariff of the mother-country. As many interests would be affected by the change, some Board or tribunal must be entrusted with the task of reconciling conflicting demands, and the final adjustment would require the sanction of the Imperial and Colonial Parliaments, or of some convention to be summoned for the purpose of voting either by a majority or in proportion to the trade of its constituents. It is true that similar difficulties were overcome when the North German Customs Union was established in the earlier half of the present century; but there was no great difference in the economic policy of the several German States, and they all shared the advantage of dispensing with an endless confusion of commercial frontiers. An English trade federation would involve the compulsory abandonment of the most opposite systems of commercial taxation, and some artificial substitute must be provided for the revenue which all the Colonies now raise from English imports. The real object of the propounders of a vague and impracticable plan is to reintroduce the protective system which has been definitely abolished in England. As to the Customs Union of the

United Kingdom and the Colonies the preliminary objection that it is impossible ought to supersede the necessity of further argument. If by some inconceivable process Parliament could be induced to sanction such a measure, it would be summarily rejected by most of the Colonies. It is at least equally certain that, if the Colonies were unanimous in supporting the plan, it would be scouted in England by almost all sections of the community. It is difficult to imagine a condition of things in which the reduction or increase of an English duty on any import could not be effected without the consent of New South Wales or New Zealand.

One of the absurdest parts of a ridiculous project is the exclusion of foreign corn for the benefit of colonial producers by means of protective duties. The Fair-traders have not even remembered the interests of their own clients when they propose free competition of wheat from Manitoba with domestic crops. The English farmer would quite as willingly be undersold by corn-growers in the States as by equally formidable competitors in Canada. On the other side, the colonial manufacturer would be as jealous of English rivals as of American or French producers. It is to be regretted that at a time when sound economic doctrines are attacked by innumerable sciolists from a more dangerous quarter, some of the natural and earnest defenders of property and order should propound theories which are not only fantastical, but demonstrably false. Experience shows that some intellects, not otherwise defective, are puzzled by economical arguments, as some great scholars have acknowledged their inability to follow mathematical reasoning. In such cases a minority, though it may have conscientiously accepted a paradox, does wisely to be guided, in practical matters, by authority which is generally respected. In an age of faction excusable and honest mistakes are attributed by hostile agitators to unworthy motives; and a whole party finds itself burdened with responsibility for the opinions of a few eccentric members. The internal dissensions of Conservative politicians are less flagrant than the antagonism which exists between Liberals and Radicals; but a good cause is weakened by the mere discussion of such crotchets as an Imperial and Colonial Customs Union.

THE AMERICAN AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.

BY a coincidence which bears witness to the strength of the movement in the American literary class for the reform of the inadequate copyright legislation of the United States, there are articles on the subject in the July number of both of the leading American magazines. In *Harper's* the editor makes a dignified plea for justice to the unfortunate foreign author, and sets forth yet once more the urgent reasons why, in sheer self-respect, the United States should amend their defective laws. In the *Century* there are two "open letters," of which the first is from Dr. HOLMES. It was written to be read at an entertainment given two months ago in New York by a dozen of the leading authors of America to raise funds to forward the work of the American Copyright League. "How much a great work costs!" writes Dr. HOLMES. "What fortunate strains of blood have gone to the formation of that delicate yet potent brain-tissue! What happy influences have met for the development of its marvellous capacities! What travail, what throbbing temples, what tension of every mental fibre, what conflicts, what hopes, what illusions, what disappointments, what triumphs lie recorded between the covers on that bookseller's counter! And shall the work which has drained its author's life-blood be the prey of the first vampire that chooses to flap his penny-edition wings over his unprotected and hapless victim!" And a little further on he turns from the foreign author whose goods are stolen to the native author who is ruined by the competition with stolen goods, and he tells us that no pension will keep the poor American author from dying in the poor-house. "His books may be on every stall in Europe, in their own or in foreign tongues, but his only compensation is the free-will offering of some liberal-minded publisher." The second of the letters in the *Century* is devoted to this relatively new side of the copyright question—to the spoliation of the American author by the foreigner, and especially by the Englishman. With every year now the literary output of the United States increases, and it is as much at the mercy of the English pirate as the literary work of Englishmen is at the mercy of the American pirate; and there is no doubt that the English pirate is capable of taking

advantage of his opportunities. As the writer in the *Century* declares, a great many American books are taken by British publishers without money and without price. "Half a dozen English publishers have series or libraries, in which a good half of the books are of American authorship." At any railway bookstall a goodly proportion of the cheaper books displayed are stolen reprints of American works. The number of books written in the United States and reprinted in Great Britain increases every year, and for many, if not for most of them, no payment is made. As many English authors are honourably paid by American publishers, so many American authors are honourably paid by English publishers; but also as many English authors are robbed by American publishers, so many American authors are robbed by English publishers. The evil is not as great in Great Britain as in the United States, and it is not likely that it ever will be; but it exists here, and it is growing. Only a day or two ago we saw the announcement of an oddly named "Britannia Series of Cheap Popular Books," of which the first eight numbers were all stolen from American authors—and as yet the series only extends to the eighth number. Nor is this the worst. The writer in the *Century* quotes HAWTHORNE'S declaration that the English are much more unscrupulous and dishonest pirates than the Americans, because the Americans content themselves with reprinting exactly title-page and all, while the English edit and alter and adapt, attempting a gipsy-like disfiguring to make the adopted child pass for their own. Two of the instances given are sufficiently comical; one novel of a popular American novelist was amended by the substitution of the QUEEN'S name for the PRESIDENT'S wherever it occurred and of the Thames for the Connecticut; and another appeared with the announcement on the title-page, but in the finest type, that the final chapter was "by another hand"! This practice is, unfortunately, not as infrequent as we should like to think; one of the most notorious instances was the omission of the American author's name from a book of reference for children's use, the book appearing as "edited" by an English scholar whose share of the work was trifling and injudicious. It is to be regretted greatly that British laws do not prevent literary outrages of this kind, and it is to be hoped that they may soon be amended. There is suffering among the authors on both sides of the Atlantic. The power of putting a stop to this suffering at once lies wholly in the hands of the Americans whenever they choose to avail themselves of it. The passage of the brief, simple, and direct Bill introduced into the Senate of the United States by Senator HAWLEY would stop all future pirating of American authors in Great Britain, and at the same time stop all future pirating of English authors in the United States. For the sake of the promising young literature of the United States we hope that the Bill will become law during the next Congress.

HONESTY AND POLICY IN IRELAND.

LORD SPENCER'S first public appearance in England has been made on a most appropriate occasion. The tragic event which he took the principal part in commemorating the other day recalls a chapter in our recent history with respect to which the public memory undoubtedly needs refreshing, and which could not be more fittingly called to remembrance by any one than by the late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The address delivered by him in unveiling the statue of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH was brief, simple, and of course uncontroversial; but to those who heard it or who read it with the recollection of recent controversies fresh in their minds, it cannot but suggest many significant thoughts. For Lord SPENCER, however he may have been accustomed of late to regard his Irish administration, is himself a living monument of that catastrophic change of policy which the assassination of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH precipitated. It must never be forgotten that the late Viceroy, like his murdered subordinate, was sent to Ireland to prosecute a policy of conciliation, and that it was not until the terrible crime of the 6th of May, 1882, had produced that effect upon the late Prime Minister which the death or torture of scores of obscurer victims had failed to bring about, that Lord SPENCER was entrusted with those enlarged powers of administration which he has used with such admirable firmness and to such excellent effect. We have no right, of course, to assume that he personally stood in need of as shocking a lesson as his chief then received. But it is evident enough that this and his subsequent experiences left a far deeper impression upon

his mind than upon those of some of his colleagues. Hence, in fact, it is that they have found to their great dismay three years later that Lord SPENCER takes the Crimes Act *au sérieux*; that he really regards it as a measure honestly framed in the interests of order and good government in Ireland, and not merely as a sop to the many-headed CERBERUS who showed signs of barking in the spring of 1882; and that, taking this view of it, he holds that the time for relaxing its provisions arrives, not when CERBERUS ceases barking, but when the condition of Ireland becomes secure. Such perversity as this is enough to upset the most careful political calculations. The notion of an Irish Viceroy, and still more of an English Government, determining their Irish policy by the simple consideration of what was best for Ireland, and in total indifference to the movements of the jumping cat either in Parliament or among the English constituencies, is one which the Caucasian variety of politician, of whom neither party, we regret to say, has a monopoly, is quite unable to comprehend.

He is just now, perhaps, even more energetically vocal on the Conservative than on the Liberal side; and it is Ireland, of course, which supplies him with most matter for his recommendations, and his adversaries, we must add regretfully, with most justification for their taunts. No Conservative who cares for loyalty and consistency to his principles can reflect without vexation on the occasions of blasphemy which these self-constituted advisers are giving to the enemy. Mr. TREVELYAN ought not to have been enabled to point to any notable member of the Conservative party who within a fortnight of the fall of the GLADSTONE Administration has been heard joining in the Radical and Parnellite cry against the "sinecurists of Dublin Castle." He ought not to have been enabled in his speech at the Eighty Club the other day to characterize with, we fear, the assent of many a Conservative reader of his remarks, as "indecent and cruelly ungrateful" such a mode of speaking of public servants "who, under obloquy and calumny" "such as non-political officials never before endured, have" "worked harder than public servants have ever worked for" "five years together to uphold in Ireland the system under" "which the landlords, nine-tenths of whom belong to Mr. HOWORTH's party, are enabled to enjoy that protection from" "the law which a citizen has a right to ask." Even the desire, however, to win the Conservative game by "trumping the" "Radical card" has not yet made many converts, so far as we know, to this questionable mode of procedure. The wire-puller in general steps short of the proposal to outbid Radicalism in bribing the Parnellites; but the strongest tendency of the wire-pulling mind is to deprecate most earnestly any conceivable line of policy which may tend to drive that party into the Radical arms. Hence it is that so many of this school of politicians have begun to discover that it is hopeless for the Government to attempt the renewal of any portion of the Crimes Act; that time is against any such attempt; that they will be threatened with a coalition of Liberals and Home Rulers which may bring about a Ministerial crisis, &c. &c.; all of which merely means that, in the opinion of the politicians aforesaid, the Parnellite party are better disposed at the moment towards the Conservatives than towards the Liberals, and that it would be foolish, therefore, of the former to part with any advantage which may accrue to them therefrom for any mere bagatelle of an Ireland saved from an outbreak of crime and disorder during the coming winter.

There is, of course, abundant reply to be made to the real no less than to the ostensible arguments for allowing the Crimes Act to lapse. The argument from time and the argument from coalesced opposition are at bottom in fact destructive of each other; or rather the former destroys the latter, while itself in the act of committing that form of dialectical suicide known as proving too much. The time before Parliament is now so short that opposition of a serious kind to any Ministerial measure must be fatal to it; and it would be practically, therefore, a matter of little moment whether Mr. PARNELL and his party were to obstruct a Crimes Act Renewal Bill unaided, or whether they would be assisted by a Liberal contingent. In either case it would be impossible for a Conservative Ministry, with a minority behind it, to carry such a measure at this time of the year. But that does not in the least affect their duty to justify themselves to their consciences and the country by introducing it, and leaving to their opponents, English and Irish, the responsibility of rendering its passage impossible. Nor need there be any fear of another Ministerial crisis occurring in consequence. Circumstances, in fact, conspire to put such a possibility out of the question.

For, of necessity, the first work to which the Government must apply themselves next week is that of winding up the administrative business of the year. A Budget must be settled and the arrears of Supply cleared off before it will become possible for Ministers even to turn their attention to anything else. The renewal of what Mr. GLADSTONE has called the "valuable and equitable provisions of the Crimes Act" could not in the nature of things have come before Parliament, after what has happened, until the end of the present or the beginning of the next month. It will then be for the House of Commons, not for the Government, to say what should be done. Ministers, if they proceed with a single eye to the public interest, and without turning aside in the direction to which short-sighted partisans would fain attract them, will, as soon as the Budget is passed and the Supply of the year has been voted, invite the House to agree with them upon a renewal of the "valuable and equitable provisions" of the Crimes Act. If, in reply to this invitation, they receive such a response as encourages them to think that the necessary legislation can be passed speedily and without difficulty, then let them pass it, and all will be well. If, on the other hand—and as is much more probable—they find themselves threatened with serious opposition, then their course is equally clear. It is notorious that they cannot pass a modified Crimes Act without the cordial co-operation of both sides of the House; and it is hardly less notorious that the late Government are incapacitated by the divisions among their own party from doing the same thing. Obviously, therefore, it cannot too soon be brought clearly to the notice of the English constituencies that it is the Liberal and not the Conservative party whose divisions threaten the United Kingdom with a repetition of the horrors of 1880-82. It is not necessary that this should be signalized by any formal political act on the part of the Government. The Session will by that time have nearly expired, and the dissolution will be impending; and it will be open to Ministers to prorogue Parliament early in August in order to its dissolution later on without reason given. But should it prove in the meantime that the lapse of the Crimes Act has again let loose the forces of Irish disorder, the issue before the country in November next will as distinctly be that of good government *versus* lawlessness in Ireland, as if the Government had specifically dissolved Parliament on that very "cry." That this will commend the Conservatives to the great mass of English constituencies is almost matter of common admission on both sides. The fear of the wire-puller is, of course, that it will alienate what is called the "Irish vote" in the English constituencies. It is no business of ours to reassure those who speculate in this doubtful commodity, and we might content ourselves with pointing out what we hold to be the duty of the Conservative party, electioneering interests apart, to do. But, since this argument from the Irish vote in English constituencies appears to disturb a certain order of Conservative mind, we would ask them to consider two things—first, what probability they think there is of the Home Rule vote in England being given to either English party at the next election; and, secondly, what would be the working Parliamentary value and even the probable duration of an alliance between the Conservatives and the Home Rulers, even if the Irish vote at the next election could be obtained by concluding it.

TEN DAYS' SPEECHES.

THE speeches of these last ten days have been, taking them altogether, frightful as to bulk and of a dreary uniformity as to substance. The Ministerial speakers, who have contributed much the smaller part of the whole, have been, for intelligible reasons, under the necessity of being somewhat colourless. It is perhaps because they have said less that one of them has contributed the only happy phrase to an oppressive amount of talk. When Mr. A. J. BALFOUR, at Hertford, said that you cannot reverse the policy of the late Ministry any more than you can reverse the course of the Thames sewage which floats persistently about London Bridge, he put a truth in a neat form. The critics of the Opposition who are so shocked at the violence of Lord SALISBURY's language and the indiscretions of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, having presumably had time to forget certain incidents of the year 1880, will probably add another to their examples of Conservative loose talk. It may be useful to them to be able to assert that Mr. A. J. BALFOUR has called them sewage, and the

distortion of his words will be in excellent keeping with much else. Opposition speakers, from Messrs. CAINE and SHAW-LEFEVRE down to Mr. TREVELYAN, have not indeed been reticent in form, but they have been limited as to matter. With certain superficial differences and a digression here and there, they have, in reality, been confined to repeating one assertion. From Chelsea to Edinburgh they have been telling how the party cannot dispense with Mr. GLADSTONE. Outside of Mr. GLADSTONE they all agree there is no safety; and, if he were to fail them five months hence, there is no knowing what would happen to the Liberal party. The statement may be accepted with implicit confidence; but, after a certain number of repetitions, it becomes monotonous. As a convenient mechanical device for avoiding the necessity of argument it has its merits; it is even very valuable as a test of the mental calibre of the audiences which find it all sufficient; but, if you do not need to avoid argument, and if you do not find it sufficient, then it palls. One has to fall back on seeing what amount of individuality Lord ROSEBURY or Mr. TREVELYAN can contrive to put into their several repetitions of the lesson. The padding of Opposition speeches is by the very nature of things monotonous. No human ingenuity can make a pleasant variety in dunnage. What that useful part of recent Opposition speeches has been made out of it is hardly necessary to say. Every good Liberal agrees that he has the largest mob on his side, and that the highest duty of man is to shout with those enlightened supporters. My Lord ROSEBURY and Messrs. CAINE, SHAW-LEFEVRE, and TREVELYAN have not been wanting in the discharge of this duty of a good Liberal.

Before devoting himself to sitting over Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE for the rest of the evening at Chatham Hall, and guiding him with warning cries of Hear, hear into the kind of appeal likely to be effective in Battersea Park Road, Mr. CAINE had helped on the cause in his own way. Mr. CAINE's method, as everybody knows, thanks to his own exertions and those of his indefatigable critic, Mr. LAWRENCE, is to refer everything to that useful work, *The Financial Reform Almanack*. From its instructive pages he carefully selects information as to the private affairs of such public men as do not happen to fight on the side which employs Mr. CAINE, all duly tending to show that they are wallowing in public plunder, to employ a favourite phrase of that statistician's. To destroy his figures or enter into a dispute with him unnecessarily is, in a kind of way, to share in his offences, and it is superfluous to do it here. The task has been excellently performed already, and everybody who is not beyond the reach of reasoning knows that, on Mr. CAINE's own showing, more persons wallowed in more "public plunder" in the late Cabinet than in the present. If the refutation of this species of libel by arithmetic is instructive, it is not because Mr. CAINE can be thereby silenced—a thing which few would think worth doing for its own sake—but because it enables us to appreciate more completely the broadness of mind of the politicians who employ him. In the house of the Liberal party there are many mansions, and gentlemen occupying the finer of them, very handsomely furnished out of public plunder, see no reason for being squeamish about setting a little one aside for the use of Mr. CAINE. It stands to reason that, if you can only succeed by the help of voters who are moved by quotations from *The Financial Reform Almanack*, you must use that publication. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE's mild speech must have appeared tame in Chelsea after the more congenial eloquence of his friend. Mild and fairly well-deserved praise of the Post Office is but milk after all, and Battersea Park Road wants and is accustomed to stronger nourishment from its chiefs. On the great subject of Liberal unity Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE was as convincing as his party usually are. He proved, by quoting his own example, that the Liberal party is united because its members supported Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet, although they disapproved of its measures. He, for one, disliked the Soudan policy—all the Soudan policies apparently—but he voted for them, and so did others; therefore the Liberal party is united. From Chelsea to Edinburgh is a change from spiteful agitation and decent commonplace to jocular agitation and voluble commonplace. Lord ROSEBURY went over the familiar ground, and demonstrated the greatness of the Liberal party with the kind of logic required by the place and the audience. His proof that the defeat of the late Ministry was not due to want of backing from its own side was a masterpiece of its kind. He informed the other side that

something of the sort may happen to them some day, and therefore it did not happen to Mr. GLADSTONE. Stated nakedly, the argument is not convincing, but it sufficed for the Edinburgh audience. Whoever thinks that is not enough has misunderstood the whole attitude of the Liberal mind. To be enough and no more for the biggest audience you can get is the most paying line for the politician, and Liberalism is nothing if not the most paying thing. We quote Lord ROSEBURY with a slight but, we trust, not unfair adaptation of phrase. On the subject of the need for Mr. GLADSTONE Lord ROSEBURY was copious. He insisted on this, the creed which divides Liberals the least, with the vehemence of conviction. Whether there is any appreciable difference between a Radical, a Liberal, and a Whig may be a question. Lord ROSEBURY is prepared to prove that there is no difference to speak of, but for all his confidence he does not look with any pleasure at the prospect of seeing the coherence of the faggot put to the test in the absence of the unity bond. So, like all the rest, he insisted that the party must fight for Mr. GLADSTONE, the whole of Mr. GLADSTONE, and nothing but Mr. GLADSTONE. Under the banner of the Grand Old Man, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with a perhaps too obvious contempt for the sense of his audience, called it, victory is sure. That nobody knows what would happen if it were not to be unfurled to the wind was the suppressed but acutely felt qualification.

Mr. TREVELYAN took up the familiar theme to the Eighty Club. He, too, insisted and at length on the need for Mr. GLADSTONE as the one thing necessary for the salvation of Liberals. As compared with Lord ROSEBURY's speech, Mr. TREVELYAN's had a certain difference of tone which saved it from being a mere echo. Of the two we prefer the address delivered at Edinburgh. Lord ROSEBURY talked nonsense, but it was good effective stuff for the hustings. He delivered the speech of a man who can see the facts, but who is much too wise in his generation to tell them to his hearers. Now Mr. TREVELYAN's speech, we say it with grief and pain of so superior a person, was just a little silly. He even quoted the cartoon of "the leading comic paper of the Conservative party" in a way which almost justifies the mistake as to his nationality recently made by an Irish member. Nothing, of course, could justify the adjective used on that occasion. Then Mr. TREVELYAN presented the enlightened young Liberals of the Eighty Club with a plaintive account of the state of the world, which came within touch of being fatuous. On one side he showed his young friends the majority of articulate persons in England and the Continent engaged in asserting that the fall of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet was a riddance which came late, indeed, but not altogether too late. On the other, Mr. TREVELYAN showed a more encouraging scene. In it the members of the Eighty Club were asked to perceive the new voters for whom the member for the Border Burghs has toiled—a race of men thoughtful, having read and observed much, all Liberals, "like the gentlemen at the table, because from experience" of life, from observation of public affairs and public men, "they are convinced that the greatness of the country" depended on keeping a Liberal Ministry in office. All the history of the world leads up to a Liberal Ministry, and for the present that is unattainable without Mr. GLADSTONE. To that conclusion all the speeches come; and, considering the narrowness of the theme, it is not wonderful that speakers should have to travel to their conclusion through mean personalities or boisterous gabble or sham philosophic twaddle, according to the nature of their audience.

THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.

THE wisest physician is frequently accused of tendering advice which the patient finds impracticable. The sweet and reasonable ideal is blurred by its inopportune presentment. On the eve of a general election it is a little depressing to read the article in the current number of the *National Review* on the Conservative provincial press. Still more depressing is the wonderful panacea advertised in the circular of a limited liability Company, by which the Conservative cause is to be invigorated by the affiliation of the country press to one central organ. Circulation through centralization is well enough in physiology—when the heart is not strained; but centralization of the kind contemplated will only perpetuate the evils bemoaned by the *National Review*. There is unfortunately only too good a foundation

for the reviewer's gloomy views, which thoroughly accord with the spirit of the resolution passed at the Sheffield Conference by the Conservative associations. Few will dispute that "the condition of the Conservative newspaper press throughout England calls for the immediate and serious consideration of the Conservative party." To be outnumbered by the enemy is a serious matter. It demands the prompt remedy of recruiting besides the public proclamation of the fact. At the Sheffield Conference it was asserted that 379 Conservative newspapers are opposed by a muster of 590 Liberal organs. Moreover, no less than 1,200 neutrals were described with unaccountable pessimism as "enemies in disguise." Too much is made of this numerical superiority, and there has been too slight investigation of the influence and circulation of the majority. To wrestle successfully with odds was once accounted the peculiar privilege of Englishmen. The national spirit, however, does not seem to animate the prescience that detects enemies in disguise in the 1,200 neutrals. No adequate reason is given for this dispiriting view, which of itself is sufficient to spread the contagion of fear and the anarchy of panic. Radical orators are never tired of extolling the representative quality of the provincial press. The country papers, we are told, reflect the opinion of the country with undeviating veracity. The London press, on the contrary, is in the toils of Pall Mall, overawed by mysterious powers; a giant, it may be, but tied and bound by Liliputian bonds of which it is impotent to rend. This is the view favoured of Birmingham, the view which flatters the editorial souls of those who direct the halfpenny half-sheets that flood the rural districts. Those broadsides have largely increased of late, and are of course included in the terrible majority, though the writer in the *National Review* scarcely considers the fact. He does full justice, however, to the effective representation of public opinion by the metropolitan Conservative press. The remedies by which he seeks to increase and vitalize the provincial organs are sound, and should medicine effectually their want of tone. It is not that there is, or has been, any lack of enterprise, but it has been ill directed, and, what is almost worse, ill supported. There is too much truth in the complaint that local Conservative organs have not received the official recognition and aid which are invariably forthcoming to their competitors. More obvious sources of failure are traced by the reviewer to initiatory extravagance in certain enterprises, and insufficient capital in others. If, as he seems to hold, it is necessary to meet numbers with numbers, the additions should be of the cheap and popular kind, sown broadcast through the land. Such are the benumbed instruments of the Conservative propaganda. More imperative than mere numerical increase is the necessity for bold and concerted action. The timorous counsels of the Conservative provincial press during the recent crisis might well have proceeded from the neutrals and they profess to distrust. To advocate the selfish and purblind policy, and to reject that which was national and honourable, was giving the enemy occasion to blaspheme. It marked a want of moral tone, a deficiency of courage and confidence, more deplorable than any paucity of newspapers. Not less important is it that the impulse now given to the increase of Conservative journals should result in organs based on broad and Imperial grounds of policy. This is forcibly put by the *National Reviewer* in his censures of the narrow and parochial quality of many country papers, patronized only by partisans. The ranks of the enemy are not thus thinned, while their inflexibility and confirmation in error are greatly increased. We do not dispute the necessity of increasing the number of provincial newspapers. The logic of statistics would be against us. What is most wanted to accompany such increase is more virility of tone, enlarged sympathy, and a programme that embraces more than the diurnal chronicling of small beer.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

ANY philosopher who wished to study the anatomy of melancholy might have done worse than betake himself to the roof of the Pavilion at Lord's on Monday afternoon. The gloom which had settled on many an old familiar face was deep and dark. There was many an empty chair, too, in a place generally so crowded, and each of these seats had been left vacant by an old Oxford man. These loyal children of Alma Mater could not bear it; they got up and went away. Certainly the commencement of the first Cambridge innings was a trial even to the philo-

sophic mind, if that mind had received its early training at Oxford. There probably was never such a long, obstinate, hopeless stand made by the first wickets in the University match as the stand of Mr. WRIGHT and Mr. BAINBRIDGE. From the first overs (very bad ones) onwards they were completely masters of the bowling. There seemed no reason why they should ever lose their wickets, except by a kind of natural decay in a moment of fatigue or by a run out. Not only was the batting excellent, but the Oxford bowling (on Monday) was perhaps the weakest we ever saw in the University match. Mr. WHITBY (fast right hand), who was so successful as a freshman last year, offered a succession of agreeable long hops, which Mr. WRIGHT and Mr. BAINBRIDGE punished with merciless vigour. An accident to Mr. WHITBY's hand is said to have caused his temporary loss of command of the ball. No one did much to help him. Mr. COCHRANE, who bowled so excellently against M.C.C., was of no avail. Mr. BASTARD could not puzzle the batsmen; Mr. O'BRIEN was put on, vainly, in a moment of despair; Mr. PAGE tried all sorts of curves, and was straight, at any rate; but a wicket would not come. Tens followed each other rapidly on the telegraph, and then, when some eighty or ninety were up, a rather easy-looking chance was hit into the hands of short slip. Had that chance been taken, even then, in spite of their inexplicably feeble play in the first innings, Oxford might have made a good struggle. But the chance was dropped. It is fair to say that this was almost the only catch missed in the match—certainly, we think, the only catch that, nine times out of ten, would have been held. But Fortune shook her light wings, and hitting went on till about one hundred and fifty runs were up. Mr. BRAIN was bowling now (we know not why Mr. KEY was not tried), and Mr. BAINBRIDGE hit a ball up in the air. Mr. COCHRANE did what was necessary, and Mr. BAINBRIDGE passed among the immortals who have scored a century in one innings for their Universities. Really there is nothing to be said against his batting, except that the Oxford bowling was entirely "off" and presented little difficulty. In the Oxford innings the Cambridge bowling, though so successful, had not been particularly good. Still it was straight, and Mr. TOPPIN's had plenty of "devil." The ball off which Mr. BRAIN was neatly caught (by Mr. ROCK) kicked up badly. For the rest, Mr. TOPPIN succeeded by aid of the humble undisguised yorker and the dangerous full pitch. All through the match men on both sides kept putting their legs in front of their wickets. One of them, Mr. NEWTON (on whose toes the ball appeared to pitch), fell a victim to Mr. TOPPIN. For the rest, Mr. TOPPIN is an extremely straight, hard-working, fast bowler; but he should never have been allowed to lower the Oxford wickets for 136. To return to the hours of Cambridge triumph, on Monday Mr. HAWKE and Mr. WRIGHT kept hitting merrily till two wickets were down and sunset fell on a score of near two hundred. If this was only a beginning, the Cambridge score might be expected to rival that of Surrey against Sussex or of Australia last year at the Oval.

Tuesday was such a bright, dry, run-getting kind of day that Cambridge might be expected to occupy the wickets till dark. They had still Mr. WRIGHT and Mr. ROCK, an excessively steady batsman, with all the rest of the team. But Tuesday was a new day. The Oxford bowling proved nearly as good as it had been bad. Mr. WHITBY was on almost unchanged at the Pavilion wicket; while Mr. COCHRANE and Mr. BASTARD, both left-handed, were bowling very straight and with much judgment from the Nursery end. Then was it proved that the majority of the Cambridge team had no great defence against a fairly good attack. Mr. ROCK was a little unlucky, and seemed partly to help the ball into his stumps. Mr. TURNER was bowled *sans phrase*; Mr. NEWTON caught Mr. BUXTON splendidly at the wicket (which he kept very well); a clever piece of fielding ran out Mr. MARCHANT; Mr. PARAVICINI's stumps were scattered broadcast to the winds by Mr. COCHRANE; Mr. WHITBY clean bowled the almost impregnable wicket of Mr. WRIGHT; and, but for Mr. KEMP and Mr. SMITH, who, coming in last, hit very freely, the Cambridge batting of the second day would have been a complete fiasco. As it was, not a hundred runs were added to the hundred and ninety-two of the first two wickets.

Memories of TREVOR, PATTERSON, EVANS, and LESLIE proved that the match was not necessarily lost. Mr. O'BRIEN, as he showed by a hard-hit forty-four in the first innings, had recovered nerve and scoring power. Mr. PAGE is the pluckiest as well as the most original of cricketers in

a losing match. Mr. BRAIN, after making over a hundred and thirty against FLOWERS and ATTEWELL, might be good for any number against amateur bowlers. Vain are the hopes of men. Mr. BRAIN took the very first opportunity to play the *coup de botte*, and was promptly given out. The finest bat on the side, perhaps except Mr. WRIGHT the finest bat in the two teams, only made one run in the match. It would not have been at all odd if a rout had followed. But Mr. BOLITHO, who played capitally in both innings, stopped any tendency to a panic. He made thirty before Mr. SMITH bowled him clean, in the first over after a change of bowling. Mr. KEY's hitting was splendid, and when he and Mr. O'BRIEN came together, no one could safely prophesy the end of the match. Mr. O'BRIEN hit two consecutive balls over the ropes, right among the people, and Mr. KEY taught the ball to visit the populace at the Nursery end. There was none of the half-hearted poking about of the first innings; the men smote furiously, and almost with too much confidence. At last Mr. KEY played too soon at a hanging ball, and retired with an admirable fifty-one. He and Mr. O'BRIEN were both a good deal pelted about their legs, and probably lameness caused Mr. O'BRIEN to be run out (an uncommonly close thing), when it seemed that he might easily have reached his ground, if he did not reach it, as some enthusiasts declared. This was really the ultimate cause of the success of Cambridge. With Mr. O'BRIEN to lift the ball into provincial circles, while Mr. PAGE played with his usual stiffness of defence, anything might have happened. But it was not to be. Mr. PAGE, the captain, may be said almost to remain undefeated. He set himself doggedly to keep up his wicket, and to hit, in his own very peculiar style, whenever a loose ball came near him. The others fell round him feebly till Mr. BASTARD came (last wicket), and played an excellent bowler's innings. All this while Mr. PAGE was punishing the bowling, and he scored seventy-eight, not out, a score equal to Mr. WRIGHT's in the first innings. Cambridge had only eighty-nine to make to win, and in doing this they lost their three great men of the first innings—Mr. WRIGHT, Mr. BAINBRIDGE, and Mr. KEMP. All of these fell victims to Mr. BASTARD, who bowled astonishingly well, and was well supported by the fielders.

Cambridge amply deserved their success, for Oxford threw away the match by their extraordinary feebleness with bat and ball on Monday. We do not think, however, that there is much to choose between the Elevens. Both fielded excellently; Mr. HILDYARD, at point, was never excelled in the neatness and quickness of his stopping and his returns. Mr. BOLITHO was almost as good at cover-point. Mr. BAINBRIDGE and Mr. PARAVICINI deserved nearly as much praise in their respective places. Unluckily Mr. BAINBRIDGE was unable to throw the ball, owing to some injury to his arm. In the first innings Cambridge allowed Oxford to make more short runs between the wickets than seemed necessary. But there was scarcely a fault in the fielding of either side, and thus the cricket was extremely pleasant to witness. In bowling, Cambridge distinctly have a great advantage. Mr. SMITH was more successful than usual in the second innings; Mr. TOPPIN was most destructive in the first; and Mr. ROCK is a persevering and judicious bowler. For Oxford, perhaps, Mr. BASTARD and Mr. COCHRANE are most to be relied on; Mr. WHITEY may also recover his skill of last year, and on Tuesday he seemed almost his old self. But there was a want of energy on Monday in the Oxford bowling and a plentiful lack of accuracy. In style, Cambridge with her public schoolmen showed to most advantage; but Mr. PAGE, whose style is of his own invention, and by no means a model, proved himself quite invaluable to an eleven, and has been selected to play for Gentlemen v. Players in one of the matches.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

IT may, of course, be only a coincidence that the Ministerial crisis in England should have been followed by reports of the assassination of ABDUR RAHMAN and of an insurrection in Afghanistan. There may be nothing in these rumours; we dare say there is nothing; but the mere fact of their circulation is in itself a fact of significance, and it would not be wise to infer from their being unfounded—if they should prove to be so—that we can afford to neglect them altogether. The truth is that they are the very sort of rumours which, at this moment, it is to the interest of Russia to put about. On the assumption that there is any

basis of truth in them at all—and it is certainly natural to suppose that the smoke of a false report of the AMEER's murder implies some smouldering fire of discontent with his rule—they will supply the Government of St. Petersburg with precisely the kind of argument of which they stand just now in the greatest need. "See," it will be said, "how absurd it is to negotiate on the assumption that the AMEER can safely be made a party to any arrangement entered into between England and Russia. He cannot answer even for the continued allegiance of his nominal subjects to himself; how futile, therefore, to propose that he should guarantee their peaceable behaviour towards the tribes on the other side of a frontier line which for at least a considerable part of its course will not coincide with any natural geographical barriers." Even if the argument were not pushed to this length, we might expect the Government of St. Petersburg to make diplomatic capital to a minor extent out of any troubles which may have occurred or be threatening between the AMEER and his subjects. We do not know whether the sources of inspiration on which we in this country have hitherto had mainly to depend for our knowledge of Russian views and intentions have run dry; but, if not, there would appear to be distinct significance in the short note which the oracle of M. DE STAAL, or M. LESSAR, or of whoever happens for the moment to have got "the word" from St. Petersburg, devoted the other evening to the report of ABDUR RAHMAN's murder. "If rebellion rages," it was remarked, "in Afghan Turkestan, the delimitation of the frontier from Penj-deh to Khoja-Saleh may have to be indefinitely postponed." Exactly; only we, for our own part, should prefer reversing the order of the protasis and apodosis of this hypothetical proposition. Our way of putting it would be that, if it is thought advisable at St. Petersburg that the delimitation of the frontier from Penj-deh to Khoja-Saleh should be indefinitely postponed, then "rebellion will rage in Afghan Turkestan." We differ, in fact, from the commentator whom we have quoted in our theory of the relation in which the two events in question will stand to each other, considered from the point of view of cause and effect. Of the connexion between the two we have no more doubt than he.

Nor do we attach any more importance than he does to the Russian war preparations reported from Teheran. Of course the excuse offered for them by the apologist of Russia is that, "until Lord SALISBURY shows his hand, she is bound to prepare for all eventualities"; but the reason thus suggested for the preparations themselves is probably much more applicable to the fact of their advertisement. Russian "war preparations" are, in one sense, chronically going on in Central Asia; it is only when it may serve, or be supposed to serve, a diplomatic purpose, that the fact of their prosecution is allowed to get abroad. It is as certain as any future event can be that, whether the frontier negotiations between England and Russia be quickly or slowly brought to a conclusion, and whatever be the nature of the settlement arrived at, the means of unsettling it again at the earliest convenient opportunity will be put in hand on the very morrow of the arrangement. Speculations, in fact, upon the Central Asian policy of Russia are much simplified by the absolute necessity of taking those "short views" which SYDNEY SMITH recommended to Lady GREY. To discuss the "long view" of Russian policy in Central Asia is like debating whether the sun will rise to-morrow. It leaves no room for the exercise of ingenuity or foresight. The "short view" of this question possesses all the interest of the weather forecast for the day, and leaves, it may be added, as much margin for possibilities of mistake. Thanks, moreover, to the position of which the late Government have made her so handsome a present, the immediate attitude which Russia may think it advisable to assume towards the new Government is a matter of even more uncertainty than usual. The generous eagerness of the Radical party—whom we seem to remember as declaiming a few weeks ago against the wickedness of embarrassing Ministers engaged in delicate negotiations—the generous eagerness of this party to make mischief between two of the new Ministers and the Russian Government is not at all likely to meet with any response from St. Petersburg. There are too many other methods of a more dignified and manageable character of complicating or delaying, if it is desired to do so, the settlement of the frontier question, to make it necessary for Russian diplomatists to resort to demands for the explanation of language which, after all, they perfectly well understand and with which by

this time they must have become tolerably familiar. And it is, moreover, only Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL who could by any ingenuity of interpretation be represented as having anything to explain. If "commercial illustrations" like that employed by Lord SALISBURY were to be made ground of serious remonstrance, we should next have a foreign Ambassador coming to inquire whether the Government which he represents has been insulted under cover of a reference to one of Æsop's fables, or whether some subtly disrespectful meaning does not lie hid beneath a Virgilian quotation.

There is no reason, we repeat, to suppose that Russia, if she wishes to delay matters on the Afghan frontier, will have to go far afield for a pretext. Abundant facilities are sure to present themselves in the course of the negotiations, especially to diplomatists who have no delicacy at all about reopening any number of questions supposed to be concluded already. That negotiations are going actively forward at this moment, or, at any rate, that the hands of the India Office are full enough in whatever state Lord GRANVILLE has left his share of the business as Foreign Secretary, seems evident enough, not only from the declaration of Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF at Woodstock, but from the facts themselves. No man willingly handicaps himself with his constituents by keeping away from them at a contested election if he can possibly manage to fight the battle in person, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, moreover, is hardly the man to deny himself the pleasure of the contest. We have no doubt that he has found matter of the highest interest in the pigeon-holes of his department, and feels the necessity of making himself thoroughly master of it before taking any step himself in the matter, or even before he can put his chief in possession of the full materials necessary for his own judgment on the question before him. How the negotiations are likely to speed when that is done it is almost impossible to conjecture. There are, no doubt, reasons why Russia should desire a speedy settlement of the frontier dispute on terms which, though not the best she might have obtained if the late Ministry had remained in power, will be far better than she had any right to expect or than were ever dreamt of in this country; and of course the desire might be sensibly quickened by the attitude which the present Government may assume. But, on the other hand, there are reasons even more patent why Russia, if she can do so without imperilling any of her territorial gains in Afghanistan, should be anxious to spin out negotiations as long as possible. The result of the English elections cannot, she may argue, affect her position for the worse, whatever that result may be, while it is at least possible that it may affect it materially for the better. Meanwhile, she has her railway to complete—a work in which we ourselves have quite as much interest, if we only knew it, as Russia has in our elections. She may suggest it as a fair arrangement that each of the two Powers should spend the next six months in watching the progress of the other—Russia in completing her railway, England in preparing for the general election. Or, if that proposition be of slightly too cynical an effrontery, even for a Russian Minister, it nevertheless represents the object for which, it seems to us, most probable that Russian diplomacy will work, and which English diplomacy should do its utmost to thwart.

THE PUBLIC READER.

THE public writer is well known to every excursionist. He sits under the portico of San Carlo, and is prepared to write the most melting of love-letters and the harshest demand of a creditor for the same fee. Even foreigners, who have an imperfect knowledge of Italian, find him useful at times, when they wish either to accept or decline an invitation in the style of the country, though they take the letter home to copy before sending it. We should be very sorry to be obliged to guarantee the writer's knowledge of social forms or the choiceness of his Tuscan; but he certainly understands both better than a foreigner generally does, and the person to whom the letter is addressed is more likely to be surprised at the fluency of the supposed writer than at his imperfect knowledge of titles and his antiquated phrases. It is amusing, too, to walk down the colonnade and to contrast the eager faces of the dictators with the impassive expression of the writers. A peasant girl, for example, comes up; she has, perhaps, just managed to escape the vigilance of her parents, and she dictates a few lines which the greybeard takes down. She trembles and hesitates with passion and bashfulness; she does not like even to take the old man—she has selected the oldest—into her confidence; but there is no other way. So she whispers her love-letter into his ear—low, soft, half-articulate plainings, like those of a dove

—which he translates into the bombastic Italian he thinks classical, with a taste as mistaken as her confidence in her lover has probably been. He writes with the calm of a telephone. The letter is, or seems to her, a matter of life or death; to him its value is just twopence-halfpenny.

The public writer has ever since Goethe's time been one of the shows of Naples; the public reader is less known, though more interesting. He has generally far less real talent than the buffoon or the story-teller; but then he has learned the "mystery" of reading, and therefore stands above them. He is an "artist," and has his stock in trade, which consists of a book and three long wooden benches. If he is a capitalist he adds two poles and a large piece of sail-cloth, which can be shifted so as to meet the sun or wind. He is far too dignified a person to carry these properties himself; he would rather go without a dinner than do so; and therefore when he has good luck he employs two men, in other cases four boys, to carry his stock. The latter, it must be confessed, rarely get much for their work, except a right to be present at the performance; but that is enough, as the reader may be considered a professor of modern literature. An outsider might perhaps suggest a doubt as to his interpretations, but he had better not do so publicly when the audience is large and enthusiastic.

When the benches are set and the sail is spread, the master takes his place, and begins to read loudly and with a good deal of gesticulation to empty space. By degrees a small crowd gathers, and if the matter treated is of interest, one person after another takes a seat on the benches. For this he pays a halfpenny, or, if the seat is protected by the sail, a penny; boys are allowed to enter the enclosed space and squat on the ground there for a still smaller sum. At intervals, which are supposed to have a fixed duration, but are in reality quite capricious, the reader renews his demand, and those who are not inclined to repeat their original subscription have to leave their seats. As the scene of these declamations is usually a public place, those who stand outside have of course a right to listen for nothing; but when the fees are collected within, an opportunity of testifying their appreciation is usually afforded them. If anybody whose dress indicates a capacity for spending *soldi* stands long without answering such appeals, he may very possibly hear something to his disadvantage.

We have given only the lowest sums, those that the mechanic and the fisherman pay; but, like the German doctor and, if we may trust Fanny Lewald, the German schoolmaster of the last generation, the reader expects a fee proportionate to the supposed wealth of his hearer, rather than to the convenience he affords him or his own skill. If a foreign gentleman, after making due inquiries, tenders his halfpenny or penny for a seat, he will be bowed to it with the utmost courtesy, but then it will usually happen that the performer chances on a passage in which the praise of liberality is sung; and when, after declaiming it, he closes the book and begins to dilate on the theme in some such manner as, "Yes, in those days there were true Signori, whose generosity could be praised, who were ready," &c., it soon becomes evident that his hearers sympathize with him rather than with the stranger whose political economy has taught him to buy always in the cheapest market and at the lowest price. If the latter is weak enough to give way at once, he had better never again visit that part of the city. The blind will see him at an almost incredible distance, the halt and the lame will follow him with an agility that the whole might envy. He will soon become the nucleus of all the deformities and diseases of the district, and find it as difficult to get rid of them as a comet might to escape from his tail. On the other hand, if he does not increase his subscription, the audience will mark him down as mean, and he may find a difficulty in securing a boat or a cab if he wants one in a hurry. "You must not make yourself honey, or the world will eat you up," the proverb says, "nor wormwood, or it will spit you out." The true policy of the Englishman whose curiosity has placed him in so awkward a position is one of "masterly inactivity." By degrees the reader will have to resume the thread of his story, for fear of losing the rest of his audience; and when he has had enough the stranger may place a lira in the hand of the reader, and tell him that he had been informed that the performer was always heard to the best advantage when he was declaiming verses about liberality and commenting upon them. That was the reason why he seated himself at so low a price in so low a place. He was now entirely satisfied, and wished to increase his contribution. This will generally turn the laugh against the reader, and secure the auditor the respect of the audience both as a provident and generous man.

It seems strange that the most popular book in Naples should be Ariosto's great poem; that fishermen should still be ready to pay their halfpennies and little beggar-boys their farthings to hear passages of it read. Could any such audience be found to listen to such a poem among the poor of England? It would be unfair in this respect to contrast *Orlando Furioso* with the *Faerie Queen*, though it is the only English poem with which it can fairly be contrasted; for Spenser's characters, though very fair, are very far, and have lost in humanity almost as much as they have gained in loveliness. The English poet, too, has none of the irony and none of the fun which are chiefly appreciated by the Neapolitans. There is, however, one quality which both poets have in common—the musical force and sweetness of their cadences, the astonishing felicity of their rhyme. It is amazing to see how these latter things will move a crowd of men, women, and children who for the most part do not know how to read;

how a happy fall of the verse, an unexpected rhyme, runs through them like a spark of electric fire. Spenser, too, might perhaps be thought too chaste to suit the taste of the poor, who are used to a somewhat broad vocabulary. But surely Chaucer is broad and human, pathetic and humorous enough. Could any one earn a living by reciting the *Canterbury Tales* in the way we have described, even if they were done into the choicest of modern English? Those who are inclined to look down on the lazzaroni because they cannot read and write should ponder over these things. That they have a quick and strong poetical sense no one who has been present at one of these readings can doubt, and that perhaps may be quite as important an intellectual gift as a capacity for reading the police-reports.

It must be remembered that the persons who come to these gatherings are men and women of the very poorest sort. Fishermen and ship porters who have an hour to spare form the aristocracy of the audience. Even the little boy who earns a precarious living by looking for and selling old cigar-ends, and who ekes out his wretched income by begging a soldo whenever he sees a good-natured face or stealing one whenever he gets a chance, is ready to pay a farthing to listen to a part of one of the great classical works of Italian literature. It is pathetic to watch the pale, half-starved faces of the children, and to notice how they glow with an unwonted light and colour when the great points in the romance are reached; it is sad to see them turned away when they have sat out their farthing's worth, looking back wistfully to catch the end of the tale. Beggars and thieves as they are, they have too much self-respect to stop outside and listen without paying, for they know by sad experience that "one must eat," and shrewdly suspect that the reader does not find more for his teeth to do than they can easily manage; so they saunter sadly away from the sunny region of romance to a dark reality. What Madonna shall we beseech to have them in her charge? They have spent their farthings, hardly earned or hardly begged and stolen, and what have they bought with them? A respite—a dream. Do we buy much more with our sovereigns? Let them go their way as we must go ours.

If anything can recall one from such reflections it is the voice, the intonation, and the commentary of the reader. The first is harsh and worn out with long work, the second is as mechanical as any sound can well be, and the third is for the most part pure absurdity. When Orlando gets into difficulties the elocutionist will pause to bewail his fate, or to curse his enemies in the broadest and coarsest Neapolitan; he will inform his hearers that his opponents were the wicked Saracens, and enlarge on their want of a serious Christian belief in a somewhat strange way. In the old days, it is said, he would even pause and beg his audience to pray a silent *ave* for the hero. In one thing only he is really a master; he keeps his audience informed as to the thread of the story. When a new party of sufficient paying capacity arrives, he recapitulates shortly, and often with considerable skill, what has gone before. This is all that can be truthfully said in his praise, and when after three or four hours he retires with a bow, one feels that he too is withdrawing from the world of romance to that of reality, though one is rather inclined to doubt whether he possesses sense or imagination enough to realize either.

It may be thought that the Neapolitans only listen to Ariosto when they have nothing else to hear, but this is by no means the case. Some years ago there was an old reader of the poet who did a flourishing business at the Porto. His benches were more knifelike than usual, his sail was torn and scanty, his voice was like the sharpening of a saw, his manner and intonation reminded one of a rheumatic Punch and Judy moved and vocalized by steam. Yet he always had a large audience. A young and enterprising man, with a new and luxurious stock-in-trade, a good voice, and considerably more than the usual rhetorical gifts, pitched his sail, placed his benches, and began to read *Monte Cristo* close to the old man's shop. For a week or two he had a great success, his benches were full, while those of the old reader were all but entirely deserted. But afterwards a reaction set in. The new benches emptied and the old ones began to refill. For a considerable time a contest ensued which was rich in humorous incidents. Whenever any passage occurred which could be contorted to such a purpose, the reader advanced to the front and hurled it against his rival. The comments, too, were bold and savoury, and became more personal from day to day. The two audiences took a great and excited interest in the matter, and mocked each other from their places. It was a sight to see rather than describe. Now to an outsider it seemed that the younger man always gained the victory in these contests of wit; yet in little more than a month and a half his benches were empty and those of his neighbour were refilled. Here Ariosto was certainly handicapped as heavily as he could very well be, and yet he vanquished Dumas. The present writer was fortunate enough to discover some time afterwards the cause of this. He noticed an old lady, engaged in the wandering fruit trade, who had been especially energetic in supporting the intruder, on the bench of his opponent, and took his seat beside her. She had pushed her basket of peaches, figs, and grapes between her legs, so that her petticoat might shield her wares from the sun and dust, and was knitting a stocking. Her opinion was, without the raciness of the dialect, which cannot be reproduced:—"You see, that man's story was much better the first time you heard it; but you could listen to this man's story for ever and for ever."

TAPPERTITS IN COUNCIL.

IT is all very well for Mr. Gladstone to talk in letters to the Queen about the absence of any disposition to embarrass the new Ministry, and in addresses to the Midlothian electors about the duty of regarding them as the Queen's Government. Sim Tappertit does not agree with Mr. Gladstone, and Sim Tappertit, speaking collectively through the National Liberal Federation and individually through Mr. Labouchere, has announced his distinct determination to eye Lord Salisbury over. Indeed, Sim eyes a good many other people over besides Lord Salisbury, perhaps with the same effect which used to follow the process in the celebrated year which saw the last struggle for the Protestant religion. As is the effect, so is the cause, and, whether Simon does much harm or no, some fun can be got out of Simon.

We must own, with that frankness which characterizes us, that, as far as his Labouchere-Avatar is concerned, Sim is not so amusing as he used to be. Not that Mr. Labouchere is not an amusing person in himself. Far be it from us to say so. But his Tappertit part is not his happiest. There is a transparent absence of that solemn seriousness of purpose which marks the true Prentice Knight. Mr. Labouchere is too much of a "light-hearted reveller" himself to do the celebrated denunciation of such persons with proper unction, and, though he affixes the three black crosses to Houses of Lords and other wicked things and persons with energy and decision, we always imagine him winking as he does it. When the wink is not perceptible it is still worse. The earlier part of the exceedingly long letter with which Mr. Labouchere occupied nearly a whole column of the *Daily News* in very small type on Tuesday was—alas! that it should be said of Mr. Labouchere—simply dull, a tale told many times and told on this particular time with little grace or zest. But towards the end Mr. Labouchere got better. Mr. Labouchere repels the base suggestion that the Radical Prentice Knights should let Lord Salisbury and the other tyrants alone with true Simonian indignation. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach shall be treated "with that contempt which it is the lot of traitors [Tappertittes to the letter] to inspire." "The enemy which has stolen into the citadel while the garrison was asleep" [another fine metaphor, though a little rough on the garrison and Colonel Gladstone its commander, and Adjutant Lord Richard Grosvenor and the rest] is not to be left in charge. Supplies are to be refused, the Session is to be prolonged. In short there is to be a war to the knife, and the tyrants are to tr-r-r-r-remble. "Vengeance complete and terrible," says the new Simon in effect, just like the old, except that the former Simon loved "everything established except the masters," which is hardly the state of Mr. Labouchere's affections.

Much better is the National Federation of Tappertits which is executed (if that is the proper verb) by the undaunted Kitson, J. P. Williams the indomitable, Kenrick, blank of shield but excellent of courage, and last, but far from least, The Schnadhorst, the only Schnadhorst. The officers of the federated Tappertits "feel it an imperative duty to call the attention of Liberals throughout the country to the grave position of national affairs." "The transfer has been effected, not through the deliberately expressed will of a majority of the House of Commons"; and the National Federated Tappertits proceed to give at great length their explanation of the fact that a majority in the House of Commons was somehow not a majority of the House of Commons. The state of affairs, thinks this corporate Simon, "imposes most serious obligations on the Liberal party"—which, indeed, is the case, though hardly in Sim's sense. "There has," it seems at any rate to the Tappertits, "been an endeavour on Lord Salisbury's part to use the influence of the Crown to compromise the liberties of the House of Commons." But Mr. Gladstone foiled the hideous plot, and the House of Commons is still free. Then the national Tappertits, not one of whose executive is a member of the House, proceed to tell it how to use its freedom. There is to be "incessant watchfulness and active preparation"; the National Federation is to keep its terrible eye on Russia and on Egypt, on Afghanistan and on Ireland, under threat of "foreign war and domestic conflict"; and, if it does not, "the only possible safeguard is that the majority of the House of Commons" should do exactly what the National Liberal Federation tells it. Liberal organizations are to "keep watch" (still that eyeing over!); to "make instant protest against any deviation"; to "form" this, to "instruct" that, to "demand" the other. All which is signed, as above stated, by the great names of James Kitson, J. P. Williams, William Kenrick, and F. Schnadhorst, three of which are absolutely unconnected with any public achievement whatever, while the fourth is simply that of a very clever party manager, who has a rooted dislike to the English climate when certain investigations are going on.

We have all heard, until we are all heartily sick of hearing, that representative institutions are on their trial. But any one who reads these remarkable documents of Mr. Labouchere's and of the four robust provincial nobodies will perceive that Sim and his merry Prentices have evidently had representative institutions up already, tried them, and sentenced them out of hand, whether with the same august formulas as in the case of the original society we cannot pretend to say. It may be taken for granted that Mr. Schnadhorst would do the writing down and the black crosses very nicely, and Messrs. Kitson and Williams might very possibly be good at the blunderbuss and the skulls with candle ends in them. But the amusing thing, to drop this pleasing

imagery, is the way in which the National Liberal Federation appears to assume that the House of Commons is not so much on its good behaviour as already convicted of bad. If all that is to be done, as appears from this egregious manifesto, is for Great Britain to keep her eye on her Kitson, and her Kitson will pull her through, what, we may ask, in all humility, is the use of keeping a House of Commons? It is true that Kitson and Co. have decided that a majority is not a majority, and it is possible that after this they have decided that a Parliament is not a Parliament. "Cheek," however, to use the best and most familiar word, is what is expected from these associations of robust provincial nobodies endowed with a little real importance by adroit wire-pulling, and supposed to be endowed with much more, owing to the cowardice or underhand playing of some tolerably well-known politicians. All cheek, however, is not absurd. It would not be easy to beat the absurdity of the solemn announcement on the part of four "officers" (for it must be remembered that the great manifesto is not the result of a public meeting, not voted by the rank and file of the Federation or even by delegates from its rank and file, but simply a sprout of the brain of four officials), that they are going to protest against any deviation from the path of safety on the part of a British Parliament. Since the celebrated occasion when David Deans and Johnny Dods of Farthing's Acre upheld the truth as it is in Christ against the left-hand defections and right-hand backslidings of the people of Scotland, nothing much better has been seen than this statement that Messrs. Kitson, Kenrick, Williams, and Schnadhorst—a mighty tetrachord of pure Radicalism—will protest against the House of Commons deviating from its duty to the extent, say of sanctioning preparations in India to resist Russian aggression, or preparations in Ireland to prevent the mild inhabitants of that island from cutting each other's throats. This is the *liberum veto* with a vengeance, and the doctrine of it, it will be seen, is put forward quite clearly by Messrs. Schnadhorst, Kitson, Williams, and Kenrick. But suppose the House of Commons approves Lord Salisbury's policy? "Bother the House of Commons!" reply the four; "the House of Commons has nothing to do with the case."

A great deal has been talked and written—truly talked and truly written—about Caucuses and their action, but nothing has ever illustrated that action so well as this absurd and yet insolent document of Mr. Schnadhorst's. What the precise object of turning heaven and earth upside down to give more people votes for members of Parliament is, if members of Parliament when elected are to vote subject to the vigilance and the determination and the protest and all the rest of it of the robust provincial Kitson, we confess we do not see. But what is still more surprising is that any large body of electors should for a moment tolerate the dictation of a handful of obscure busybodies whose political knowledge and ability, except in wire-pulling, is, as far as any public action goes, on a level with that of the most recently enfranchised elector. It may have been annoying to be told how to vote and what to do by a duke or a nabob or an official of a Government borough; but think of being told how to vote and what to do by a person of the name of Kitson, who introduces himself as an officer of the National Liberal Federation, and apparently supposes that Liberals throughout the country are not aware of a grave position of national affairs until he, Kitson, arises and tells them that the position of national affairs is grave. Mr. Labouchere no doubt talks nonsense with his contempt which it is the lot of traitors to inspire, and his garrisons that have fallen asleep, and his citadels, and his iniquitous Land-laws, and all the rest of his musty old platform phrases. But Mr. Labouchere is an elected member of Parliament, with at least a right to say what he thinks Parliament ought to do, and a still greater right to say what he, as a member of Parliament, will do. His oratory is absurd, but he has the parole. But who told James Kitson to speak, and who, if he were sensible, would pay any attention to what James Kitson has to say? What is the National Liberal Federation except an implement for obstructing the free expression of political opinion, which a certain number of fools keep up, and which a certain smaller number of—well, not of fools—work? Nobody, of course, can have any objection to James Kitson, as James Kitson, delivering any political deliverance he likes. It is the right of Britons to talk politics. But it is not the right of any Briton to dictate to other Britons how they shall politically act, and especially how they shall act to the House of Commons. From one side, the Tappertit side, the thing is ludicrous enough; but it is also mischievous. In all countries, and especially in this country, if two or three persons gather together and call themselves a Federation, and if they issue good sounding manifestoes, and if they generally take enough upon them, the *blague* succeeds, and the Kitsonian *blague* is thought to have had a good deal of success already. Of course if Mr. Kitson came personally to any man's house and talked in this fashion, he would have a good chance of exercising watchfulness and determination to prevent his exit from being rapid and ignominious. But by calling himself an executive, and getting a place in the newspapers, it is by no means certain that he may not do something. He evidently counts upon doing it, and very likely he does not count without his host.

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

IT is no secret that what the late Cardinal Wiseman called, in the title of a work not undeservedly popular in its day, both within and without his own Communion, "the Connexion of Science and Revealed Religion," is a question which during the last half-century has greatly exercised as well scientific writers as divines. The unprecedented advance of scientific discovery within living memory has alarmed the champions of Divine Revelation, while it has too often served to accentuate the hostility and increase the confidence of their assailants, although past experience might have suggested a calmer and more reasonable estimate of the situation to both classes of disputants. Those who remember the almost universal conviction prevalent in Europe some two centuries ago that the truth of Christianity was at stake in the contest between the rival systems of Ptolemaic and Copernican astronomy, whereas neither believers nor sceptics in our own day attach the slightest theological importance to what they are agreed in accepting as a demonstrated truth, might have been content—one would suppose—to smile at the ignorance or impatience or eager unbelief which dreads or welcomes, according to its temper, in each new geological or physiological hypothesis a probable deathblow to the Christian faith. Of late indeed theologians have manifested a disposition to substitute a policy at once wiser and more honest, though not—as will presently appear—without exception; and there is, at least among the more eminent men of science, a corresponding tone of forbearance and a willingness to confine themselves to their proper sphere without making gratuitous raids on the theological domain. We took occasion some months ago to call attention to a conspicuous example of the changed attitude of the professed and authorized guardians of revealed truth in a quarter where perhaps it might hardly have been looked for, and Mr. Mivart, in an article in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*, refers to the same letter of Cardinal Pitta's to the *Cosmos* urging on the clergy of his Church the importance of studying natural science. It is not so very long since a highly placed ecclesiastic, whether of the Roman Catholic or Anglican Church, who had written after the manner of the learned Benedictine Cardinal would have been regarded at best as *rex clamantis in deserto*, if he had not incurred grave suspicions of unsoundness in his own belief. One can certainly not well imagine any Roman dignitary venturing to take such a line under the last pontificate. However times are changed, and Leo XIII. only the other day administered a pretty sharp rebuke, in a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, to those too zealous ultramontanes who are fond of contrasting his predecessor's policy with his own. It is therefore not so wonderful that another and louder note of warning should sound, this time indeed from the lips of a layman, not a Cardinal, but from the same quarter of the Christian camp. Mr. Mivart is known both as an ardent student of biology and an ardent convert to the Church of Rome; and if the latter circumstance may help to reassure timid believers, whether Catholic or Protestant, as to the thorough sincerity of his allegiance to orthodox Christianity, he is the more likely to secure the confidence of his fellow-students of science from his being a layman. The question he deals with however is in the main one which concerns equally all Christians of whatever denomination, though his uncompromising assertion of the freedom of scientific inquiry comes with special force from an attached member of "the most dogmatic Church in Christendom." And while he shows very clearly that there are those on his own side of the Rubicon who stand much in need of such a reminder, it is assuredly not needed by them alone. Christianity from the first has suffered many things through the indiscretion of many of its most devoted adherents, and there is the greater danger of its being wounded by friendly hands at a period when, as Mr. Mivart justly insists, "biology, a science which was once little more than an affair of taste, has become a power, and its direct bearing on the happiness of human life is generally recognized." He can point no doubt to learned divines of his own Church, like Dr. Barry, who have dwelt no less emphatically than himself on "the compatibility between the most advanced science and the most orthodox Christianity." But there is notoriously another side to the shield, and a certain Rev. Jeremiah Murphy—who hails from Ireland, and whose burden of prophecy appears to be quite accordant with his name—is very wroth with any Catholics—notably with Mr. Mivart himself—who presume to be evolutionists. And he appeals—not, it must be allowed, without much plausibility—to the Vatican Council, the Syllabus, and a famous letter of Pius IX. to the Archbishop of Munich in 1863, the infallibility of which, if our memory serves us, the late Dr. Ward used to be very fond of descanting upon in the *Dublin Review*, and which had the immediate effect of silencing or alienating the entire body of Liberal Catholic divines in Germany. He also appeals to several contemporary theologians of his Church, one of whom oddly enough rejoices in the name—not the nickname—of "Punch." Mr. Murphy has a great dislike for "minimizers," especially when they "dilute Catholic doctrine, to suit a class of persons from whom the Church has nothing to expect and nothing to fear"; as though, observes his critic fairly enough, "the prospect of either might be an adequate motive for modifying doctrine irrespective of its truth or falsehood."

Mr. Mivart does not scruple to take the bull by the horns. He joins issue with his theological assailants—the Irish luminary, Punch, included—on first principles, and begins by entering a

summary protest against "the ever-recurring band of obstructives who always turn out to have been in the wrong." But here we had better let him speak for himself:—

Amongst such as in the first age of the Church upheld the belief in a speedy end to the world; who afterwards denied the existence of antipodes; who, later, opposed the liberalism of St. Thomas Aquinas and the other advocates of Aristotle; who subsequently declared that to affirm the earth's motion and the sun's stability was heresy; and who denounced as usurers the individuals who timidly began to develop the great modern system of finance and commercial credit. Such objections as his were brought forward again and again to oppose the promulgators of all the truths or economical improvements which such narrow-minded obstructives decried or impeded.

It was unnecessary, and would scarcely have been becoming, for the writer to explain, what will of course at once occur to every intelligent reader, that, in the two last cases at all events, the leading "obstructives" were none other than the Popes themselves. It was they who solemnly condemned the "heresy" of Galileo; as to usury, the late Mr. Simpson, one of the ablest and most zealous of the Oxford converts, published in the year of the Vatican Council a pamphlet designed to prove that, if the infallibilist doctrine was defined, all Catholics who accept the verdict of history would have to accept it in a non-natural sense, just as "the Tractarians" accepted the 39 Articles; and he illustrated his statement by citing Papal *ex cathedra* decisions on persecution, and on usury. On the latter point he showed by reference to a series of papal decrees that "usury," in the sense of interest on money of any kind, was again and again peremptorily forbidden and condemned, and how, only within the last half-century, modern Popes have managed quietly to back out of the unmistakably precise but demonstrably erroneous definitions of their predecessors, by declaring troublesome inquirers, who wished to get interest for their money without getting excommunicated, "*non esse inquietandos*." Clearly thence the "band of obstructives" were fighting for centuries, however unconsciously, under the banner of the Pope. Mr. Mivart does not examine at length the papal condemnations of usury, but he does discuss at some length the condemnation of Galileo, and he boldly declares that "the very distinctness and authority with which scientific truths have been condemned makes secure, beyond all possibility of question, the complete scientific freedom of sincere Catholics." It is implied however that his sincere Catholics cannot be sincere ultramontanes, for he tells us just afterwards that he himself knows a priest, famous as a preacher in London, who maintains the truth of the Ptolemaic astronomy, "because he considers that the Church was committed to that view by its decision with respect to Galileo." If the Pope is competent to commit the Church by his decisions, the London priest is most unquestionably right. Mr. Mivart seems rather amazed at his obstinate scientific heresy, but we must honestly confess that we have ourselves far more respect for the consistency of the infallibilist who openly avows his belief in the old "geocentric" theory than for those who in the same breath avow their acceptance of Galileo's doctrine and of the infallible authority which condemned it as "false, heretical, and contrary to the Divine Scriptures," and would have put him to death, if he had not absolutely retracted it. This criticism is not intended to apply to Mr. Mivart himself, who like the late Mr. Simpson is presumably not an ultramontane, but it applies to a great many of his co-religionists both lay and clerical. He refers indeed himself fairly enough to the evidence given by the Rev. W. Roberts, in a work recently cited in our own columns, of the unimpeachably authoritative character of the papal condemnation of Galileo. He even goes out of his way explicitly to reject the subterfuge that papal infallibility was not compromised, because the question at issue lay outside the *depositum fidei*. The answer is sufficiently obvious: "An infallible authority must know the limits of its revealed message. If authority can make a mistake in determining its own limits, it may make a mistake in a matter of faith." That ecclesiastical authority went *ultra vires* in deciding a scientific controversy Mr. Mivart fully admits, but he adds that it did much more, inasmuch as it founded its erroneous decrees on an erroneous interpretation of Scripture, "which was universally supposed to be its own province." And thereby incidentally, and quite beyond its own intention, it "demonstrated our freedom, as good Catholics, with respect to ecclesiastical decrees also." And this freedom has necessarily a far wider application than to astronomy or even to physical science alone:—

Moreover, the freedom thus so happily gained for astronomical science has, of course, been gained for all science—geology, biology, sociology, political economy, history, and Biblical criticism—for whatever, in fact, comes within the reach of human inductive research, and is capable of verification. This, moreover, necessarily includes the scientific criticism of those very Scriptures which ecclesiastical authority in the seventeenth century plainly showed its inability either scientifically or theologically to comprehend. Manifestly such questions as the authorship and the dates of the various sacred books, as well as of the temporal circumstances which their writers may show they were influenced by, with the general scope and intention of each respectively, cannot be withdrawn from scientific inquiry when it must be admitted that men of science so succeeded and that ecclesiastical authority so failed in interpreting the true and inspired meaning of God's written word.

It is certainly remarkable that the present Pope, the year before his election, should have expressly declared, in a pastoral he issued as Archbishop of Perugia, that "Galileo, who gave to experimental philosophy one of its most vigorous impulses, revealed by means of his researches the proof that Holy Scripture and nature equally exhibit the footprints of the Deity."

This advance of modern thought has moreover its ethical as well as its intellectual side, and Mr. Mivart instances three points of "conspicuous and undeniable" value, in our clearer recognition of the rights of the individual conscience; of the moral guilt of gambling, as in State lotteries—which the old papal government of Rome used to encourage; and of the rights of animals and consequent sinfulness of cruelty to them. It is not superfluous to insist on these points, when so acute a reasoner as the late Dr. Ward could gravely maintain a few years ago the portentous paradox that "a Catholic's freedom of conscience is grievously impaired by the civil tolerance of other religions." As to freedom of scientific inquiry the writer is able to cite the testimony of Cardinal Cajetan, one of the first Roman theologians of the sixteenth century, and in our day of Dr. Clifford, Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton. But he is obliged to admit that the Syllabus, Munich Brief, and other official manifestoes of the late Pope do distinctly bear the meaning put upon them by the Irish Jeremiah, and his reply amounts to a practical reduction of them and such like documents to so much waste paper; "for it is a recognized canon of logic that, if any authority denies any proposition supported by a preponderance of evidence, that authority loses claim to our submission in whatever degree the evidence for the proposition is greater than that for the authority itself." But he had already reminded us that an infallible authority which makes a mistake in determining its own limits refutes itself, and he therefore virtually confesses that the papal authority is not infallible. There is indeed a saving clause inserted at the end of the paper, which we quote as it stands, for whatever it may be worth, being wholly at a loss ourselves to put any intelligible meaning upon it. "The strange result of the seventeenth century," we are told, "has been the permanent enlargement of Catholic intellectual liberty in every department of science without exception, to a degree which not the most sanguine of our predecessors could have hoped for; and this result has only recently been made manifest by the defeated efforts of the extreme infallibilists of the era of the Vatican Council." Mr. Mivart is too able and too conscientious a writer to indulge in mere empty verbiage, but what conceivable meaning his readers are intended to put upon the latter part of the above quotation, it will sorely puzzle all or nearly all of them to conjecture. The infallibilists of the Vatican Council were not "defeated," but triumphed all along the line. No doubt a minority, including all the more learned, more thoughtful, and more independent of the bishops, protested and left Rome before the decree was passed; but it was passed over their heads all the same. And within a very short period afterwards it was currently reported that all of them, with the solitary exception of Bishop Strossmayer, had at least tacitly acquiesced; even the brave and outspoken Archbishop Darboy, who had intimated his real opinion plainly enough in *La Dernière Heure du Concile*, and indignantly withdrew before the closing scene of the tragedy, or the farce—as we please to regard it—was enacted, "died and made no sign." To be sure it was very generally, and we daresay rightly, believed that here too, as so often happens in such cases, the men convinced against their will remained of the same opinion still, and still less did any one suppose that the few leading men who emulated the open resistance of Dr. Dollinger exhausted or nearly exhausted the force of silent dissent from a proposition the evidence against which, to apply Mr. Mivart's phrase, was felt to be "greater than that for the authority itself." But it is difficult to see how "the efforts of the extreme infallibilists" can be said to be "defeated" by this silent opposition, and equally difficult to see what else can be intended by the statement. However this is a matter which chiefly concerns the writer's own co-religionists. His broad vindication on religious grounds of the freedom of scientific investigation has a claim on the interest and attention both of the scientific and the religious world.

A STATUE AND A SARCOPHAGUS.

IT can hardly be said any longer that Rome was not built in a day. The present generation has seen the wholesale destruction of much of the old city and the rapid erection of a hideous new one. Of the vulgarity and ugliness of the new houses and streets and of the ruthless barbarism which has been shown we do not now wish to speak, as we shall have to refer to these painful subjects in a further article. At present we desire to point to what may be some slight consolation to those who deplore the vast and irretrievable mischief which has been done by those who have converted the Eternal City into a kind of Italian Bayswater; the discovery of some works of art of real value during the most recent grubblings up. In the course of the past winter two bronze statues were, as is well known, unearthed; and more lately a very remarkable sarcophagus, in an exquisite state of preservation, was found in making the foundations of the new and horrible Via Salaria. The statues have already of course attracted the notice of archaeologists; and, for aught we know, some German or other critics may before this have settled exactly when they were produced and who the sculptors were. The finding of a statue has more than once been immediately followed by confident statements as to its authorship, subsequently demolished by other equally confident statements, which in their turn were duly upset. The coarse statue of Hercules in the Sala della Rotonda of the Vatican, with its swollen neck and clumsy contrivance for religious juggling, was, when first

discovered, pronounced to be a mighty work of Greek art by no mean authority. In the present case, whatever may be the ultimate opinion of good judges as to the periods to which these statues belong, there can, we think, be little doubt that they are of very different degrees of merit; and also we believe that one of them is a very considerable work. That which was first discovered, a nude statue of a young man, hero or athlete, is in very good condition, but is not a very remarkable bronze. The head is, even when all allowance is made for the practice of some Greek sculptors of making the head small, extremely small in proportion to the neck, the modelling is superficial, and the right hand is awkwardly placed behind the back. The statue is undoubtedly a valuable acquisition, because great bronzes are so rare, but is not perhaps likely to command any very intense admiration as a work of art. Different is the case with the other statue discovered later on in making the excavations for the new theatre, and at present commonly spoken of as "the pugilist." It represents a fighter with the cestus who, wearied from the fray, and having presumably just killed his man, is resting seated after the struggle. His tired arms are thrown on his knees, and, in various ways, exhaustion and the effects of the battle are indicated with extraordinary realism. Indeed, of realism there is more in this statue than in any other great work of ancient art with which we are acquainted. Determined to tell the whole story as clearly as possible, the sculptor has indicated unmistakably the effects of the pummelling just received. The ears are swollen and cut. The forehead above the eyebrows is also swollen and cut, and the upper part of the nose is disfigured; but, owing to the amount of incrustation still remaining there, it was not easy to say, when we saw the statue, whether the sculptor meant to indicate the effect of a recent blow, or of one received in some old conflict. The cestus and its attachments to the arms are wrought with extraordinary care. The fighter wears long mittens with fur cuffs, and over these mittens the knuckleduster is laced in a most elaborate manner. Inspection of this instrument of the arena as here shown cannot but revive in those who have any acquaintance with pugilism the wonder which has been felt at the apparently small powers of the ancient boxers. Surely these huge athletes must have been very poor fighters. Seeing what blows English prizefighters were able to give with the naked fist, it is impossible to resist the conviction that, had they been armed with the cestus, combats would have been ended with marvellous rapidity by the complete disablement or death of one of the combatants. One free delivery of the left, one real counter, or one cross-counter, must have settled everything. What would have been the effect of a blow from King, Sayers, or Mace, or, to go much further back, Burke, with the cestus on? A sickly smile, if there was time for it, and a curling-up on the floor. It is difficult to believe, then, that the classical boxers really knew how to hit. Apart, however, from this consideration, which may tend to lower respect for the original of the statue as belonging to a class whose art was of a crude kind, it is impossible not to feel great admiration for this representation of a hero of the arena which has been unearthed so long after his battles and victories. The pose is admirable, just that of a powerful but wearied man, and the work is, in some respects, extremely delicate. We would specially draw attention to the modelling of the left knee. Probably when the statue, altogether freed from incrustations, is generally known and has been thoroughly examined, it will be revered as one of the best of the few bronzes that remain out of the countless number which the ancient sculptors wrought. Investigation respecting it may perhaps be aided by the fact that on the under part of the middle toe of the left foot the letter A has been roughly but clearly cut; and we may observe that this is not a case of Hil Stumps, his mark.

Likely, also, to excite interest and admiration, though of a different nature, is the very remarkable sarcophagus of Oriental character found some eight or nine weeks ago in or close to the grounds of the Villa Buonaparte. The bas-relief—if that can be called a bas-relief which is in more than alto-relievo—represents a stately procession, and, with considerable faults, has much boldness and no small beauty. In the centre are two elephants, on the larger of which is seated the hero of the occasion, who wears something resembling a turban and loose trousers gathered in at the ankle. He is not very happily rendered, as, awkwardly seated, he seems in imminent danger of slipping off. The driver in front of him and the other on the smaller elephant use goads precisely similar to those used in India at the present day. In front of the elephants a tall female figure of much beauty waves a tambourine exactly resembling those which are still gingled. A lion and a giraffe figure in the procession, and on the right a snake is shown crawling out of a basket in which it has been confined. Much more that is curious and striking, of which we have not now time to speak, is there in this strange and very grand sarcophagus, which will add to the innumerable attractions of Rome, and please the unlearned, while giving room for much profitable controversy amongst the learned. Its disinterment, that of the statue of the pugilist and of other valuable works, shows that some happy results have been achieved while the late indiscriminate destruction has been going on. This does not, however, in the smallest degree diminish the guilt of the destroyer, who has merely found what he could not help finding, and has acted in precisely the same spirit as that of the men who tore away the blocks of the Coliseum to build their houses with; but of his horrible misdeeds we shall, as stated above, speak later on.

THE FAITHFULL SHEPHERDESSE.

IN the MS. diary of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, we find the following entry:—"On Monday, the sixth of January and the Twelfth Night, was presented at Denmark-house, before the King and Queens, Fletcher's pastorall called *The Faithfull Shepherdesse*, in the clothes the Queens had given Tayler the year before of her owne pastorall. The scenes were fitted to the pastorall, and made, by Mr. Inigo Jones, in the great chamber, 1633." This is the first notice of the performance of *The Faithfull Shepherdesse* we possess. It was printed in 1610, after it had been brought before the public and "dam'd"—the word was current in those days and the practice not infrequent. The remarks of Valentine in Ben Jonson's *The Case is Altered* have a modern application:—"The sport is at a new play, to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. . . . Sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years, at a Parliament time or so, will be as deep mired in censuring as the best, and swear by God's foot that he would never stir his foot to see a hundred such as that is." A theatrical audience is the most conservative of bodies, and we can well understand how they failed to appreciate both this play and the satirical comedy of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, both of them innovations. Fletcher claims commendation on this score, inasmuch as he represents "shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions," "owners of flocks and not hirings." Most of the critics who have noticed the play, however, are not disposed to grant him this achievement. Schlegel was most unmerciful to "that exquisite thing yclept *The Faithfull Shepherdesse*," as Charles Lamb calls it in one of his letters, and charges it with being untheatrical and vulgar; in short, "an immodest eulogy of chastity." The German nature, however, as Goethe remarks, bears heavily on everything, and everything bears heavily on it. We might reasonably expect, therefore, that the dainty and abundant imagery, the tender touch, the marvellous variety, the perfect harmony of *The Faithfull Shepherdesse* would not appeal to Schlegel. We have, on the other hand, many critics who bear testimony to its beauties, such as Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Addington Symonds.

The chief dramatists of Fletcher's own time stepped forward as champions of the condemned play, and at their head Beaumont, Chapman, and Ben Jonson. The latter had bitter things to say about audiences, and no doubt the treatment of his friend's play, coupled with certain rebuffs he himself received, determined his subsequent retirement from the dramatic arena. "Thy innocence was thy guilt," he says to Fletcher, and prophesies that the "murdered poem" shall rise—

A glorified work to time when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

Ben Jonson was right. The resurrection soon came. The play was revived at Court in 1634, and acted several times with applause at the Blackfriars Theatre. It was also performed immediately after the Restoration, and appears to have been popularized by the singing and acting of a certain "French eunuch." Its career was, however, very short, and since that time Amoret and Perigot have, to the best of our knowledge, never trod the boards. Lady Archibald Campbell is to be complimented on her courage in disinterring this play, covered with the dust of two centuries, and we cannot but think that no one will regret that she has done so, for there were many and varied interests attaching to the performance at Coombe House on Saturday last. Firstly, there was the interest which any performance by the "Pastoral Players" must possess; secondly, there was the interest conferred by the intrinsic merits of the play itself; thirdly, there was the interest of witnessing the actual performance of a pastoral drama. The pastoral drama was never really acclimatized to England, though its near relation, the masque, played at one time a great part in English festal life, and was incorporated into the drama itself. *The Faithfull Shepherdesse* and *The Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonson, of which only a fragment remains, were probably the only works of this class worthy of the period in which they were produced; but in Italy there had been a constant succession of pastoral plays for nearly a century and a half, culminating in the *Aminta* of Tasso, acted in 1573, and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, acted in 1590. It is from these two plays that *The Faithfull Shepherdesse* is imitated. We do not, however, think that Mr. Symonds does Fletcher justice when he remarks that the play is a mere echo of Italian literature. It is true that the dramatist has proceeded for the most part on conventional lines; but he has given a new and beautiful turn to the character of the Satyr, and has clothed the whole work in some of the most beautiful poetry in the English language. Further, he has apparently drawn on the literature of his own country for some of the beauties of the play. The special interest which the pastoral drama has for us is that it is the parent of the opera, another of the great heritages we have received from Italy; and we could not help feeling on Saturday that, if opera were to revert to its original type, by substituting beautiful poetry spoken for the dreary recitative which is now used to carry on the action, this form of art would be more truly harmonious and would have a greater vitality than it now appears to possess.

The mere mention of *The Faithfull Shepherdesse* carries us back to Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson, by whom, as architect and poet, the Court theatricals were planned and carried out; and these two illustrious names take us over the sea to the country of Paul Veronese and Tintoret, to the country of Giorgio Vasari and

Palladio, the master of Inigo Jones. In imitation of the pageant masques of Rome, of Venice, and of Florence, James I. contrived the dramatic displays at the English Court; and no doubt it was owing in some measure to the lavish expenditure which they entailed, and which Elizabeth was too prudent to allow herself, that the debt and downfall of the Stuarts was brought about. It was not only, however, the drain on the royal coffers effected by these performances which made them unpopular. They were productive of much immorality. The whole town thronged to witness the royal masques; trader and noble, City and Court, mingled together, "till the anterooms and galleries of Whitehall became a scene of indescribable debauchery and riot." Private grudges were multiplied till they swelled into class hatred; and when the time of terror came many an honest citizen remembered, with reason, the tyranny of rank, the frailty of women, and the masquing nights at Whitehall.

In 1634 the time of terror was at hand; the Court festivities had but six years to run; the Petition of Right had been sanctioned and violated; Parliament had broken into open contumacy, and had received its dismissal; the country was groaning under the tyranny of Strafford and Laud; the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission were jointly working injustice and cruelty; the Queen, acting in "her owne pastoral," which furnished the properties for *The Faithfull Shepherdess*, had been savagely attacked by the Puritan Prynne, who had suffered punishment for the offence after the barbarous habit of the time. The people resented the attitude of the very body whose office it was to watch over the public morality, towards a Court, one of whose principal occupations seemed to be to stimulate the appetite and increase the opportunities for vice; and so it was that these Court theatricals played no small part in the downfall of the Stuart monarchy. Truly, as Mr. Symonds remarks, there was a tragic irony in the appearance of royalties on that courtly stage.

As to the recent performance, we must repeat what we said on the subject of the performance of *As You Like It*, that there is a subtle and imaginative essence in certain plays which is rendered much more faithfully apart from the prosaic surroundings of the theatre; and *The Faithfull Shepherdess* is one of these plays. None who were present on Saturday could have imagined anything more picturesque and poetical than the opening scene. The image of Pan, the tutelary deity of one class of pastorals, standing by the gnarled trunk of the elm, as if it had really been elevated there by pastoral hands (it is worthy of note, as proving the care that has been expended on the mounting of the play, that the services of the eminent archaeologist, Miss Harrison, were employed in designing the inscription of this statue); the choral crowd grouped around the shrine; the simple rites; the handsome Priest—all these were truly effective on the rural stage. And the climax was reached when Perigot (Lady Archibald Campbell) entered the arena in a car drawn by oxen. Later on, too, when the group of Satyrs burst on the scene, and played a hundred antics in bush and tree, we no longer remembered we were living in this wretched year of prose 1885, redeemed only by the existence of the Psychical Society, but readily accepted the postulates of magic herbs and enchanted wells. We believed in the existence of Perigot and Amoret, the Holy Shepherdess, the Sullen, the Wanton, and the Wicked Shepherds, and even the Satyr. Indeed, so charming and interesting a being was the latter that we thought him too good even for the golden world. Nowadays the approaches of Charity are encumbered by the clumsy surroundings of committees and subscription lists. Her coming is tardy, and her stay is too prolonged. Would that, like this simple and effective creature, she could arrive in the nick of time with a hop and a skip, and depart as easily!

We are not in these days familiar with the lighter class of poetic drama; indeed, the few specimens we have seen on the stage by modern authors have been far from appreciated. We require stronger meat; John Bull, who subsists on beef and beer, grows impatient at this airy diet. If anything, however, can popularize works of pure literature among us, it will be such experiments as that we chronicle; our only regret during the performance was that it had been found necessary to omit so much of the original; but we are aware that the modern adaptor must exercise Lacedæmonian self-denial, and Mr. Godwin's version was eminently successful. On his shoulders rested the chief burden of the production, and he will not be human if he does not feel pride in the fruit of his labours. Mr. Bateson is responsible for the music, which appeared to us to have a truly Old English ring in it. The histrionic honours of the performance lay between Mr. Hermann Vezin and Lady Archibald Campbell. The former, in the useful character of the Sullen Shepherd, was responsible for the progress of the action, and shared with the Satyr the labours of the portage of the inanimate and disabled forms of shepherds and shepherdesses, victims of Arcadian humours and accidents. We were amused at their, so to speak, posthumous and active anxiety to be carried with propriety. The business in this respect struck us as perhaps a little clumsy, but it is difficult to see how it could be improved on a stage the only effective exit from which is at full speed. On the other hand, the transformation scene of Amaryllis into Amoret was managed with much discretion. Lady Archibald Campbell portrayed the various moods of poor bewildered Perigot with a skill and poetry that argues the possession of a considerable amount of true dramatic feeling, and her tall and commanding form contrasted well with the supple outlines

of the modest Amoret (the Princess Hellen of Kappurthala). The play was well acted throughout, and any special selection for praise would be invidious. We cannot forbear, however, to record our appreciation of Miss Lucy Roche's rendering of the character of the Wanton Shepherdess. Close in the original version is a blot, according to Charles Lamb, on the purity and poetry of the play; and, though Mr. Godwin has pruned it unsparsingly, it still requires the tact and art which Miss Roche bestowed on it to make it palatable to a modern audience, and at the same time to preserve its dramatic force.

We conclude with the hope that Coombe House may often be the scene of such performances as those of which we have had the good fortune to be witness, and that Lady Archibald may see her way to selecting another play from the endless stores of the Elizabethan drama, with which, alas, we are too little familiar.

LONG-RANGE RIFLE-FIRE.

JUDGING from some recent despatches and War Correspondents' letters, the expression "long-range rifle-fire" is acquiring a meaning more significant than that actually indicated by the words which make it up. In speaking of the target practice of the army and of match-shooting generally, the distances between 700 and 1,000 yards are usually called "long," just as those under 300 yards are called "short"; 400, 500, and 600 being middle, or intermediate. The French make very nearly the same distinction. But the expression we are noticing seems to suggest that not only is the distance (which may be any number of yards between 600 and 3,000) generally unknown, but also that there is more or less uncertainty on the side of those under fire as to the actual direction from which the bullets come. It gives, in fact, an idea of a harassing and annoying fire, delivered almost with impunity from a point all but vanishing.

Just after Plevna a good deal was heard about long-range rifle-fire; but it is hardly too much to say that an idea of its probable power when skillfully applied was only definitely brought home to the great mass of Englishmen on the receipt of Sir Redvers Buller's reports, *via* Korti, on Saturday and Sunday, the 21st and 22nd of February last. The whole situation was, of course, intensified by the recent news of Sir Herbert Stewart's wound, by the reported death of General Gordon and the certain fall of Khartoum, by the withdrawal from Gubat, and, to some extent, by the departure of the Guards for the East. In addition to the uncomfortable feeling that things were going generally wrong, all England became for forty-eight hours exceedingly anxious. When, a day or two later, it was known how Major Wardrop had proved almost literally one too many for the Soudanese sharpshooters, the feeling of relief showed how great the anxiety had been. Of course undue importance may be given to long-range fire, just as it can, and sometimes is, for example, to the value of the bayonet as a weapon; but it will be generally agreed by those who know anything of the matter that at the proper time and place long-range rifle-fire has, like lobs at cricket, its very great uses, but, also like lobs at cricket, if not good of its kind, it will be useless and expensive.

There is no precise record when rifles were first used in war. "The middle of the seventeenth century" expresses as well as limits the vagueness of the date. It is known, however, that in 1680 each troop of our Life Guards was supplied with eight rifled carbines; and that in 1800 the 60th Rifles were armed with the "Baker" rifle. Long-range rifle-fire, in its present sense, is of much more recent date. During the first half of the present century the distance to which a rifle-bullet would range must appear to the modern rifleman wholly insignificant. Indeed, so far as actual flight was concerned, old "Brown Bess" of the Peninsular War time would throw a bullet (if you could trace it) a good deal further than could the Baker rifle, which won for our rifle regiments a goodly string of "honours," from Roleia to Toulouse. In those days the difference in shooting between two hand-made arms of the same pattern was often considerable. But, whereas an average Baker rifle could make it very dangerous for a "head and shoulders" 250 yards off, the smooth-bore musket was so erratic that it was of little use trying to hit a single man at distances over a hundred yards. On the other hand, while the smooth-bore loaded easily, the loading of the seven-grooved Baker rifle was always troublesome, and, after a few rounds had been fired, generally very difficult. Many a time must those old rifle-men, while grunting and sweating over a weary load and under a Spanish sun, have envied the nimble business of the smooth-bore ramrod. In 1836 (already following foreign example) we gave the two-grooved Brunswick rifle, firing a belted bullet, to our rifle regiments. It loaded a little easier and shot a little better than the Baker, but the improvement was one of a few degrees only. The Brunswick, like the Baker, fouled very considerably; and the fumbling, especially in cold weather, to get the belt of the bullet into the grooves at the muzzle was a horrid drawback. The most that could be said for it was that it was as good as other people's, better than the Baker, and probably the best that could be got. Doubtless there were soldiers of a good old sort who voted both the "Brunswick" and the "Baker" more plague than profit. But, notwithstanding the plague of loading, those old rifles—meaning thereby both the men and their arms—had a profit all their own. There was a distinct speciality not only in the name and in the jacket, but in the arm and in its use. The

brunt of that kind of fighting which comes under the general head of sharpshooting fell naturally to the share of the men and the arms who could do respectable business at distances treble as great as could the ordinary "firelock"; and well, parenthetically be it said, did the old 60th Rifles and old 95th (afterwards the Rifle Brigade) uphold their special and honourable rôle, demanding, as it taught, increased intelligence and greater self-reliance. We look now with wonder at the old pattern rifle, but the work done in the Peninsula, in the Punjab, and in the old Cape wars was too good for either masters or workmen to complain much about the tool. It may be that the Baker-Brunswick tradition is still bearing fruit. But when all is said and done, there was nothing in those days of the nature of long-range rifle-fire. The whole combat was within easy view of the commanders on both sides. However carefully the good rifleman kept out of sight, the smoke of his rifle was plainly seen at the moment of firing. No bullets came humming over the zebra (nor now and again into it with a deadly pat) at uncertain intervals by day and night from an unseen enemy at an unknown distance. It was simply not in the rifle or musket of our own or any other army to do it. Fire at the longest range was too short to be called long-range rifle-fire as we now understand that expression.

In the quarter of a century between 1825 and 1850 men, generally Frenchmen, went to work to invent a military rifle which should combine accuracy of shooting with ease and rapidity in loading. The names of the inventors, the dates, methods, and reasons of the failure of each speciality (are they not written in the Hythe text-book?), make a story as dull as any other about still-born inventions. At last, in 1847, Captain Minié, of the School of Vincennes, hit upon the right thing, and gave his name to a system. This, as almost everybody knows, was an elongated bullet which went easily down the barrel when loading, but was made through self-expansion to fit the grooves tightly at the moment of firing. Our own "Minié" rifle of 1851, and then our "Enfield rifle," pattern 1853, though improved again and again both in barrel and ammunition, were on the lines of Captain Minié's principle. In 1855 the "Enfield" took the place of the smooth-bore musket as the general arm of the infantry of the line, and the place of the "Brunswick" in our rifle regiments. Here, then, we may date the beginning of long-range rifle-fire. It was applied with good effect in India during the Mutiny, and afterwards in the hill fights with the frontier tribes. Presently, with the introduction of small-bores, the range grew longer. A short time ago there was a sort of controversy in the *Times* as to the credit due on the one hand to the first inventor, and on the other to the later improvers, of small-bore rifles and ammunition. Apparently the question lies in a nutshell. When the body of the pack is going on hard, all honour to the two or three hounds who are racing for the lead; but none the less does the observant master, particularly if he carries the horn himself, make a note in his mind, and possibly in his diary, of the grand point made ten minutes back; if it had not been for that capital hit at the cross-roads, a brilliant run would have been lost altogether. That, about 1857, Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Whitworth, not at that time a gunmaker, showed a line to the riflemakers of the world is beyond dispute. Anyhow, all who had any pretension to note followed him in his rapid twist and in the .450-inch bore. It is equally true that since that date several leading gunmakers, in developing their particular systems under the same general principle, have vastly improved the shooting of the small-bore rifle and made themselves names more or less famous. It is generally difficult to count, with any degree of exactness, the points made on the one hand by an inventor, and on the other hand by those who may have improved on the invention; but as between Sir Joseph Whitworth who once led the van, and those who have since followed in his wake, the long-range honours appear to lookers-on to be pretty evenly divided.

Just at present there is very little to choose between the different patterns of rifle carried by the several armies of the chief European Powers—perhaps the Russian "Berdan" is, if anything, slightly in front of the rest—but, if one may hazard an opinion about the future, there will before very long be a considerable and general increase in the reach and accuracy of long-range rifle-fire. Whether our own service rifle is to be replaced by the .40-inch bore, designed at Enfield, appears to be still uncertain. Between the respective merits of the two patterns—namely, the "Martini-Henry" and the "Martini-Enfield"—some comparison was made in the *Saturday Review* of the 16th of February of last year. It is certainly unfortunate that the new Martini-Enfield, though it has a lighter bullet, has a heavier barrel than the Martini-Henry. Any one who is used to carrying a gun knows that a little extra weight is highly objectionable, and every one used to soldiers knows how strongly as well as rightly all ranks would object to one unnecessary ounce. If the designer of the Martini-Enfield could, without losing any of its hitting power, make the arm a little lighter instead of a little heavier than the service rifle, he would (as they say at Lord's) score grandly to the "on" and to the "off" in one over. As the case stands now, the Martini-Enfield has been so long in emerging from the experimental stage, and there has been so much discussion about the extra weight of metal, that people begin to wonder whether the new rifle will ever get off the stocks at all. Lately, as everybody thought, we were within an ace of having to cross a considerable river, and, if our troops are ever to have a better rifle, it would be just as well to get the .40-bore question settled and the proverbial swap made before we are actually in the ford and on

the point of swimming. To give our infantry a rifle which, as regards hitting power, is as superior to the English "Martini-Henry" and to the Russian "Berdan" as those rifles are to the Snider seems to be a point worth securing in a match which, sooner or later, is pretty certain to be played. In war, as in sport, there is a good deal of truth in the old adage, "A match well made is already half won." There is, of course, the question of quickness of firing as well as that of long-range with accuracy, and, no doubt, at this very moment all military Europe is looking this way and that way for a perfect magazine action; but whenever it drops from the clouds or turns up from America or elsewhere, it will be time enough to adopt it. In the meantime, let us decide, if we can, upon our barrel of the future. Hereafter, if desired, it can be combined as easily as any other barrel with a magazine action.

In all probability the new .40-inch bore Martini-Enfield gives results as good as can be obtained under the present condition of science; for, so long as the shoulders of men, the winds of heaven, vile saltpetre, and so forth remain what they are, power to range with becoming accuracy must be limited by the considerations of recoil, length of bullet, fouling, and so on; and, again, given by supposition unlimited range, the power to apply fire with useful effect is practically limited by the ordinary scope of man's eyesight and by the natural features of the battle-ground.

And here in the middle of our long-range we venture to let off this practical suggestion for what it is worth. When inviting fresh competition, or when considering the merits of any new rifle, it might be well to lay down beforehand the extreme distance at and up to which excellence of grouping of the shots shall be considered a *sine qua non*, and beyond which it would not, in a comparative trial, be taken into account. This particular distance, which, we take for granted, could be easily determined by our superior officers used to war, would probably lie between 1,500 and 2,000 yards. The restriction, in the best sense arbitrary, would at all events have the effect of clearing the ground satisfactorily, both for competitors and judges.

After all, long-range is, in itself, the foundation only of good long-range fire. To get the full value out of a superlative arm there must, of course, be added the capability to find the correct distance of the object, and the possession of much skill in shooting. A good range-finder is absolutely necessary. One, the use of which is difficult to learn and easily forgotten, which requires delicate manipulation, which soon gets out of adjustment and not seldom out of order, is, however accurate at times, of no use whatever. An instrument the reverse of all this, but always accurate, handy, light, and requiring a very short base, is the one for the field. (The babbling hound, right once in a way, is the one of all others you should draft.) Since the first Wimbledon Meeting in 1860 people have been gradually learning that, in order to make a string of bull's-eyes, motionless holding and perfect aiming must be preceded by great care and judgment in the matters of "elevation" and wind-gauge, and accompanied by close observation throughout the practice. But for good long-range firing in the field there must be more than this. To be able to pelt the enemy from a distant vantage-point, through intervening dust and smoke, and perhaps after sundown, means an acquaintance with the craft which, by means of the proper adjustment of stakes or cairns or dark lanterns, establishes during clearer intervals a part of the "line of sight" which for purposes of aiming is equal to the whole. This theory of thus seizing betimes a portion of the "eyeline" (well called so by the Americans) is taught in our own and some Continental manuals of musketry instruction. We are not certain how far the theory is put into practice; but firing at extreme ranges being one of those many things where a grain of showing goes further than a bushel of telling—being, also, something of greater consequence than *feux de joie*—it would be as well not to put off the showing in question until early in the morning of the day on which the reality may be wanted.

About machine-guns there still hovers a small cloud, partly, perhaps, of Egyptian sand. But when the difficulties of jamming, of locomotion, and of tactical disposition have entirely disappeared, the Nordenfält or some other pattern is sure to come to the front in long-range rifle-fire. It will probably take one or more European campaigns, with a siege or two (giving time and opportunity for crucial trial), before the value of the game of infantry long-bowls is fully recognized. This will be a case where there can be no challenge about a fair or an unfair delivery. The only thing will be to learn how to play and reply to the long-range bowler whose "popping crease" is a mile and a half away on the other side of a hill. Given the specification of his arm and ammunition, and a simple system of screens (not easily disturbed by wind) to catch and show the drop of his bullet, science should be able to find first the direction and the distance, and thence infer, with the help of a carefully-contoured map, the height above the sea level of the hostile firing-point. Then, to say nothing of defilading or moving a little out of his way, a very good shot might (weather permitting) be made with a .40 bore at the enemy's whereabouts.

THE MEXICAN CRISIS.

THE Mexican Government has once more repudiated its obligations. Mexico, since the fall of the Emperor Maximilian, has enjoyed comparative order and repose. Its wealth and population, therefore, have grown, and the need for developing its

great natural resources has been felt more and more strongly. For that purpose railways and harbours were essential; but to construct railways and harbours foreign enterprise and foreign capital were needed. When the mania for railway building revived in the United States six years ago, the great capitalists of the Union were eager to extend their lines into Mexico so as to get control of the communications of that country and make its trade tributary to that of the United States. The great capitalists were exceedingly powerful politically as well as financially. At the head of one group was ex-President Grant, and senators, Ministers, and members of the House of Representatives were interested directly or indirectly in all the groups. They were thus able to bring to bear upon the Mexican Government so much influence that the concessions they asked for were given. They hoped to obtain from the Mexican Government land grants on the scale of those given by the United States Government. They pointed out that the railways in Mexico could not be expected to pay at first; that the railways were not built to accommodate existing traffic, but to enable a traffic to grow up; that, therefore, private enterprise alone would not find the capital for building the lines, and that land grants would enable the promoters to raise the capital without expense to Mexico; and that moreover by inducing immigration they would strengthen and enrich Mexico in the long run. The Mexican Government, however, remembering what had happened in Texas, refused the land grants. It felt instinctively that the settlers upon land so granted would be American or at least English-speaking people, and would therefore have American sympathies; that after a while these settlers would so multiply that they would control Mexico itself, and probably would end by voting it into the Union. The Government, therefore, instead of making land grants, engaged to pay subsidies to the Railway Companies. There is no doubt that the fear of the Mexican Government was well founded; but it had not the means to pay the subsidies, and therefore it ought to have limited the concessions it accorded. For a while, however, all went well. The subsidies were made a charge upon the Customs revenue, and the Customs revenue was swelled by the imports of the Railway Companies intended for the construction of the lines. After a while, however, the over-construction of railways in the United States led to a collapse. The Companies were unable to raise the capital needed, and work on the lines, therefore, had to be suspended, only one great line being completed. The imports fell off disastrously, and with the imports the Customs duties. At the same time, the great trade depression from which all the world is suffering affected Mexico, and consequently its foreign trade. And, lastly, the fall in the price of silver has very materially depressed the trade of Mexico. As our readers are aware, Mexico is one of the greatest silver-producing countries in the world, and the great depreciation of silver has, therefore, reduced permanently and disadvantageously the value of the silver exported by that country. All these various causes combined to reduce the revenue, while still the expenditure was increasing. But railways were not the only form of public work authorized by the Mexican Government. While the great speculation that ended in the collapse of the Union Générale was at its height in France, a syndicate of French capitalists projected a Mexican National Bank, and obtained for it the exclusive privilege of issuing notes. The Bank was successfully founded, and it made advances to the Mexican Government. There were great numbers of public works, which even American and French capitalists could not be induced to undertake directly; and the Mexican Government, not being willing to see them longer neglected, itself engaged in them. It obtained the means from the National Bank, and it is said that its debt to that institution amounts now to very nearly four millions sterling. Between subsidies to the railways, debt to the Bank, outlay upon public works, and all the regular charges of administration, the expenditure was so enormously swollen that an immense floating debt was piled up, and the Mexican Government at last found itself unable to go on any longer. It was in a state of bankruptcy, and has had to declare as much to its creditors.

Last week, therefore, the Mexican Government issued a decree in which it frankly admitted that it dare not increase the taxes, and was unable to reduce the expenses. It had, in consequence, no alternative but to make a compromise with its creditors. Ordinary bankrupts call their creditors together, and submit a proposal for a composition to them; but the Mexican Government dispensed with that formula, and simply announced what it was willing to do, leaving the creditors no option but to consent. In the first place, it declared that all moneys due to Mexico must be paid in silver or in notes of the National Bank. This is understood to mean that the notes issued by the Mexican Government itself in payment of subsidies to the Railway Companies, and receivable by the Customs department in lieu of Customs duties, would no longer be accepted. It is, in fact, a suspension of the subsidies. Secondly, all the floating debt, in which is included not only the debt due to the National Bank on account of the advances referred to, but also the subsidies due to the Railway Companies and the subsidies in arrear due to the Mexican Railway Company—a Company, it will be recollected, long existing, and composed chiefly of English investors—is to be settled by the issue of bonds not redeemable for twenty-five years, and bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Instead of cash, that is, the Railway Companies and the National Bank are put off with paper irredeemable for five-and-twenty years, and are promised

interest on this paper at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. But that the Government will be able to pay that interest is extremely doubtful. The bonds are to amount to twenty-five million dollars, or five millions sterling. Therefore, the annual interest will amount to 300,000*l*. In the existing condition of Mexico, it is not easy to see from what source this 300,000*l*. is to come. In the third place, as a proof of the extreme embarrassment in which the Government is placed, and of its sincere desire to do all possible to extricate itself, the salaries of public officials are to be reduced by 10 per cent. in the case of incomes under one thousand dollars, and as much as 50 per cent. in the case of incomes over fifteen thousand dollars. Lastly, the railway subsidies and the public works are in express terms declared to be suspended. As a matter of course, the bonds of the Mexican Government and the securities of the railways affected have all fallen heavily in price. The great American capitalists are up in arms, and are using all their influence to get the decree suspended, and it is said that in some cases even the financial establishments have refused to discount the bills of their customers. As yet the Mexican Government has firmly refused to withdraw the decree. In fact, it is bankrupt, and it is unable to go on paying when it has no money in its coffers. But to soothe its creditors, and in the faint hope possibly of inducing some one to come forward to help it in its dire extremity, it has put forward a plan for recognizing its debt to the English bondholders. For years past it has been negotiating with the English bondholders for recognition of the debt. At times it appeared as if the negotiations were coming to a favourable conclusion; but always some loophole of escape was found, and the negotiations are still dragging on. But now it is announced that the Mexican Government, while refusing to recognize the debt contracted by the Emperor Maximilian, will begin to pay interest next year upon the old debt at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum, and that the interest will gradually be raised to 3 per cent. per annum. There is no doubt that the Mexican Government in its present embarrassment will promise anything required of it if only it can obtain a little money; and it is likewise very probable that the present holders of these bonds will accept whatever terms the Mexican Government will agree to, in the hope they may be able to sell the bonds, and thus escape further loss. But the public generally should clearly understand that the promises of the Mexican Government are not worth the paper on which they may be printed. It is hopelessly insolvent, and cannot carry out the engagements it may enter into. When it defies the powerful American capitalists who have invested so much money in the country, and when it is unable to pay its own soldiers and civil servants, it is not likely that it can begin to pay interest upon a debt which it has refused to recognize for so many years.

The question of real interest in the situation is, What will the great American capitalists do? It may be easy for the Mexican Government to deal with the Mexican National Company. It was overtaken by the breakdown of speculation in the United States before it succeeded in raising the requisite capital, and consequently it has been unable to fulfil its obligations. In its case, then, the contract with the Government falls to the ground. But the Mexican Central has carried out its stipulations, and the powerful capitalists interested in it are not likely to be put off by pieces of worthless paper and promises of interest which will hardly be forthcoming. They will doubtless revert to their original proposal of land-grants. They will point out that the grants would in reality cost nothing to the Government, while they would add immensely to the wealth and strength of the country. These grants would be of no use to the Railway Company unless immigrants settled upon them. The Company, therefore, would add to the population a new element, enterprising, energetic, and full of industrial resources. There is no country in the world, perhaps, naturally richer than Mexico, but there are very few countries poorer in accumulated wealth. The population consists to the extent of about one-fourth of Spaniards, the remaining three-fourths being Indian and negroes. All are demoralized by misgovernment and long-continued anarchy, and in none has the commercial spirit been developed. Consequently, the whole production of Mexico is inferior to that of a moderate-sized English county. But the new settlers that would be introduced by the American Railway Companies would be full of the industrial spirit, and would think only of turning to account the exhaustless mineral wealth that lies everywhere around. And to back up its proposal, the Mexican Central now has the fact upon its side that the Government contract with it has been broken. If Mr. Blaine had been elected to the Presidency there is little doubt that the whole influence of the American Government would have been used to forward the views of the railway capitalists, and, as Mexico is now connected with New York by railway, the Mexican Government would have been unable to resist the pressure. But Mr. Cleveland is not likely to interfere in the matter, and if the influence of the American Government is not used, it is not probable that President Diaz will yield. A financial collapse such as has now occurred is likely, however, to cause political disturbance, and if there should be a revolution, the President's successor may be more compliant than he. In any case, the claim of the American capitalists will remain; and when the extreme depression that now exists in the United States passes away, and the mania for railway building revives, the whole feeling of the American public will be in favour of the claim of those capitalists. Mexico they will regard as by nature intended to be subordinate to their own

country; and they will also feel that, as at present administered, its resources are utterly wasted. Sooner or later, therefore, it is extremely probable that the crisis will lead to a large immigration of either American or European settlers. And, if so, in the long run it may end in the annexation of Mexico.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

THE selections on Wednesday the 24th were prefaced by the long and majestic Overture to *Saul*. Its first movement, a spirited Allegro, gave immediate evidence of the remarkable unity of execution and feeling attained by the vast orchestra. The third movement, also Allegro, as it has quite the character of a Concerto for the organ, showed off Mr. Eyre's capable handling of that instrument. But the most interesting and the most decidedly Handelian performance was that of the Concerto for Double Orchestra, which is alive with exquisite and delicate effects for the wind instruments. A mysterious introduction of a less formal and measured rhythm than is usual with Handel leads to a lively and refined Allegro, in which two motives, subsequently used in the "Hallelstone Chorus," are played with in a most ingenious and enchanting manner. The conclusion of this most welcome addition to orchestral music is a movement containing many beautiful passages for the oboe, admirably suited to the delicate singing character of this instrument. Mr. Best received well-deserved applause for his share in an excellent performance of one of the organ Concertos. Some of its subjects were not unlike those of the "Double Concerto," though less pointed and lively in their character. The Overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, one of the noblest of orchestral works, served as introduction to *Israel* on Friday, and was received with tremendous applause and a demand for the repetition of the conclusion. It has often been used as an overture to this oratorio, and, as Mr. Rockstro says in his *Life of Handel*, "no prelude could possibly be more inappropriate." The public, however, who do not trouble themselves about artistic unity, even inside the limits of any one work, are not likely to be sensitive to the effects of injudicious juxtaposition in the arts.

Wednesday's programme was rich in solos, which in most cases must have been distinctly audible to but a small minority of the great audience. Mme. Albani, one of the most easily heard of singers, received extraordinary applause for her "Angels ever bright and fair." Her rendering, though anything but Handelian, at least shows off her great technical ability and charming gift of voice—qualities much more acceptable to an audience than any severely artistic treatment of the subject. "Sweet Bird" is an intentional sacrifice on the part of the composer to his singer and the public. Mme. Albani earned the success she achieved in it, and Mr. Alfred Wells, who played the flute obbligato exquisitely, fully deserved the applause which she gracefully insisted on his sharing. Mme. Trebelli gave "Ombra mai fu" from *Xerxes* with still more force and sentiment than on the rehearsal day. Her singing was a marvel of fine tone and just accent. No one can deny the finish of Mr. Lloyd's method, his intelligent phrasing, and his true artistic feeling. If there is any fault to be found with him, it is that his voice is seldom plangent or vibratory; it is often over-sweet, and seems to come through an oily medium. This hardly affected his rendering of "Wait her, angels"; and in "Love in her eyes" it became almost a merit. Mr. Maas delivered "Sound an alarm" with even less "brio" and method than usual; in an excerpt from *Atalanta* he sang with a certain license and not much enthusiasm. Mr. Santley gave a very noble and dignified rendering of the austere and stately air "His sceptre" from the *Occasional Oratorio*; his treatment of the second section, which is of a more melodious and swaying rhythm, was beyond praise. Moreover, he sang with astonishing ease and suppleness "Nasce al bosco," from *Ezio*, a song of great variety in expression and extreme technical difficulty, expressly composed for such a singer as Montagnana. In the full chorus "See the conquering hero" lost a good deal of its symmetrical and statuesque dignity. The chorus "Ye sons of Israel" (*Joshua*), at least throughout its latter half, was an admirable example of vulgarity of treatment in supplementary orchestration; doubtless, however, it was stirring enough to those who require music to be beaten in upon their feelings through advanced posts of deafness or apathy. On the contrary, in "Blest be the man" (*Joseph*), and more especially in "Love and Hymen" (*Hercules*), the fine sonorous tone of Handel's music has not been much impaired; at any rate, by impertinent and superfluous brass.

On Friday the solos, few in number as they are, were a very necessary relief from the somewhat overpowering effect of the gorgeous choruses of *Israel*. Miss Annie Marriott gave "Thou didst blow" somewhat indistinctly, but with a voice of very pleasant tone. Mme. Patey, though niggard of her voice in "Their land brought forth frogs," and not very audible in the first part of her duet with Mr. Lloyd, "Thou in Thy mercy," was thrilling and effective enough in "Thou shalt bring them in." Mr. Bridson and Mr. F. King delivered "The Lord is a man of war" with more effect than at the rehearsal; Mr. Bridson, in particular, singing with remarkable power and precision. But Mr. Lloyd's rendering of "The enemy said" was the triumph of the day. It was, indeed, his best contribution to the general success of the Festival. It is scarcely possible to conceive the air sung with greater spirit or with a more perfect technical rendering. Among the choruses, "Thy Right Hand," "He gave them hail-

stones," and "The horse and his rider" were the most overpowering in volume and gorgeousness. "He spake the Word," "But as for His people," "He led them through the deep," "And with the blast," and one or two others, were less exhausting, though rich and resonant in tone. In "The people shall hear" the organ pedal was very grand and blended most harmoniously with the voices. The attendance was much greater than on the other days, and fully up to festival mark. But, though more evidently attractive, this splendid performance of the massive grandeur of *Israel* gives but a comparatively coarse and sensational pleasure to those who can appreciate the delicate art and sincere Handelian feeling in Mr. Santley's rendering of "His sceptre" and "Nasce al bosco," Mme. Trebelli's "Ombra mai fu," and Mr. Lloyd's "The enemy said." Indeed, so perfectly, both in method and sentiment, can Mr. Santley express the music of that period, that one feels he might have sung a duet with Consuelo in the presence of Porpora.

HENLEY REGATTA.

THE rowing at Henley has been good this year. There were fewer bad crews entered, and greater uncertainty prevailed as to who would win the first day's heats. It is no argument against the excellence of the rowing that several of these heats fell to the lot of crews which were least expected to win them; for in numerous cases, as in that of Leander in the chief race, the merits of the beaten boat were undeniable. Neither individually nor collectively could any one find fault with the men composing it, who comprised the admirable stroke who won the University race in 1884 and the pick of the Cambridge University oarsmen of this and some former years. Indeed, the result of the last few days' practice was to strengthen the opinion that, with perhaps the exception of London, Leander had the best chance of all for the Grand Challenge Cup. The fact that this likely-looking crew, with its great strength and perfect time and swing, was beaten by a College crew from the same University may be just as well thought to prove the unsuspected merit of the latter as any strange inferiority in the defeated boat. So, in the case of the sculling race, there is little reason to suppose that the three representatives of the lower river were much below the average merit of amateurs; and if they were not, the extremely ignominious defeats inflicted upon all of them on the first day would attest some exceptional merit in the victors of the second day's races. One other criterion there is—that of the stop-watch. Even allowing for the fact that there has been an up-stream wind directly in favour of the crews throughout the practice week, they have all been making amazingly good times, seven minutes having been several times beaten by the eights for "The Grand," and one at least of the College fours having done the course under seven and a half minutes.

The great interest of this year's regatta will undoubtedly be considered to have centred in the race with the Canadian four, so much talked about on both sides of the Atlantic for some weeks past. It is a matter for much congratulation that the heat in which this crew appeared was rowed out without anything in the smallest degree approaching to a foul, and that the Colonists all feel themselves to have been beaten entirely upon their merits. Their defeat on the first day by a crew which was not generally considered one of the best in the race for the Stewards' Cup is an important vindication of the English style of amateur rowing, just as the victory of the Canadians would have been a powerful condemnation of our own prejudices. Nothing more radically different from the English style can well be imagined than that of the Toronto oarsmen. They crouched their shoulders forward over their oars, rounded their backs and bent their heads downwards both at the end and the beginning of the stroke. There was not, it is true, in their action so much of that hurrying forward which was so remarkable in former Canadian crews sent to this country. But the vices of their style—from our own point of view—as already described were such that not an oarsman of any experience on the Thames believed it possible that they could live even a mile with a good English crew, and if this opinion had been proved incorrect, no doubt a severe blow would have been inflicted upon all our established notions as to the right and wrong way of propelling a boat. It must, however, be confessed that the rowing of the strangers did considerably open the eyes of the many connoisseurs who walked down purposely to see the start. It was believed that the strange-looking four in blue and black jerseys would go off at a great pace, and many no doubt were prepared to see it take a considerable lead. But when they got clear in two dozen strokes, and after rowing a quarter of a mile were three full lengths ahead, the faces of some of the oldest watermen began to wear a look of some dismay, and many, applying to the race the analogy of races between home crews, looked upon the victory of the Canadians as already secured. The bad steering of the one English crew which had been chiefly relied upon to win this heat, and which had the best station, put that boat out of the race; and it was left to Trinity Hall, with the worst station, to make up a distance of some fifty yards and catch the Colonists, who were sailing along as if rowing forty-five strokes a minute was the most natural and enjoyable thing in the world. There was really some excitement, far more than at any other time in the day, when the Hall was seen to be sticking

to its work manfully and steadily and diminishing by slow degrees the long lead of the Toronto four. Even when they had made up all their lee-way, and at about the mile-post were dead level with the enemy, there ensued a severe struggle about a furlong, during which the home crew, with its slower stroke and more deliberate action, was seen to be gradually wearing out the strength of its antagonists. Few of those who saw the Hall crew rowing in alone past the grand stand had any idea of the violent struggle that had taken place down below, nor of the flutter caused in the mind of those who were left standing on the bank at the start and waiting for news to come slowly down the bank telling which crew had got first past the post.

Next to the victory of the old country and the old style over the new, the most notable feature in the Regatta—or at least in the first day's racing, of which we speak here—was the superiority shown by the young crews over the old. University men succeeded in beating easily some of the tried veterans of the lower Thames, who had accounted themselves sure of at least defeating the college crews. This was particularly the case in the heat won by Jesus, in the chief race of the Regatta, but it was again conspicuous in the pair-oared race, and in the sculling race, where Unwin and Swan completely distanced one Thames sculler of repute, and another was disposed of with almost equal ease by Pitman, of University boat-race renown. The downfall of the Thames crew in one of the four-oared races, and of London in another, was another surprise to the Putney critics, who, on the whole, have derived from the Regatta of 1885 a considerably increased respect for the Universities.

REVIEWS.

GORDON'S JOURNALS AT KARTOUM.*

WE confess to having read this book with great reluctance. The loss of Gordon is so recent, the feeling of shame is still so bitter, that this acute reminder of what we have wasted and of what dishonour we have sustained is almost unendurable. In these Journals, begun after Gordon was left absolutely alone, we have his communings with himself; his statement and re-statement of his own position, as he conceived it; of the action, or inaction, of Mr. Gladstone's Government, as he understood it. We know that it is vain to reiterate the truth concerning those matters. A great party in the State is determined to see them in only one way—to regard Gordon, that is, as "a lunatic Ritualist" who "disobeyed orders." There is no use in fighting against this determination—that is precisely what makes the sadness of it. The enemies and slanderers of Gordon are men whose eyes are fixed on a vague distant millennium, chiefly marked by the overthrow of everything that arouses their social jealousy. That millennium is to be brought about by the Caucus, conjuring with the name of Mr. Gladstone. To the success of that spell the life and death of Charles Gordon are a perpetual hindrance, and therefore Gordon is anathema. This belief, in an orthodox Radical, is maintained, as such beliefs always are maintained, by a refusal to look at the evidence or listen to the arguments on the other side. By this abstention, the abstainer loses the advantage of contemplating a singular example of civil as well as of military virtues.

General Gordon's opinions about Egypt and the Soudan were much more akin to those of the Radical politician than that unlettered thinker is at all aware. But it chanced that he was employed by a Government which had (as its friends admit) no policy at all, and no consistent sentiment but that of nervous agitation. Thus Gordon was placed in a position where the honour of England, as he believed, hung upon his own conduct, and to the honour of England he deliberately sacrificed his life. "I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good-bye"; these are his last words to us at home. But why speak of honour in the ears of men only bent on party triumphs? So keen was Gordon's sense of the irretrievable disgrace which our Government courted that he even wished for French co-operation in Egypt. "For my part I cannot see what harm the French can do us if they had a voice in Egypt; and I can see much good arising from it. I declare if they had a voice in Egypt, the present state of affairs would never have existed. If you can find no *chivalry* in your own house, you had better borrow it from your neighbours." The painful thing for an Englishman to note is that, with all their levity and weakness, the French people still have at times a sense of their country's honour, while to hint that a country has honour to maintain is, in England, to be dismissed as a Jingo. Men insensible of honour are prepared for slavery, and there is no more menacing sign of our country's decrepitude than the public indifference to oaths publicly sworn and forsworn, to treaties openly made and openly broken. It is scarcely possible to find a denouncer of Gordon who will admit, if the question is put *ad hominem*, that he himself, in the same position, would have acted differently. The truth is that every individual Englishman would have felt that the name and fame of his country demanded from him the sacrifice of his own chances of escape at Kartoum. Not only the feelings of a gentleman and a soldier, but that instinctive sense of duty so frequently illustrated by the exploits of the police,

would have kept at his post any man of our race by whom that post had once been occupied. Moreover, as he often remarks, Gordon had never been given official permission to shift for himself, and to cripple the Mahdi by getting behind his rear, with his black soldiers and his steamers. But the official, and the party man at home, are "officially conies," as Gordon remarked. He distinctly held the view that his death was being calculated on by the Government as a relief. Twice, at least, in those Journals he does more than hint at this opinion:—

There is one thing which is quite incomprehensible. If it is right to send up an expedition now, why was it not right to send it up before? It is all very well to say one ought to consider the difficulties of the Government, but it is not easy to get over a feeling, that "a hope existed of no expedition being necessary, owing to our having fallen." As for myself, personally, I feel no particular rancour on the subject, but I own I do not care to show I like men, whoever they may be, who act in such a calculating way, and I do not think one is bound to act the hypocrite's part, and pretend to be friendly towards them. If a boy at Eton or Harrow acted towards his fellow in a similar way, I think he would be kicked, and I am sure he would deserve it. I know of no sort of parallel to all this in history, except it be David with Uriah the Hittite.

Again he writes, when comparing the length of the Kartoum siege with that of the leaguer at Sebastopol, "neither Nicholas nor Alexander speculated on counting the months." The best thing for a party in difficulties does not always occur in the best of all possible worlds. But it is certain that Gordon's old friends of old days—the military advisers of the Government—asked for and expected to get orders to march some three months before those orders were forced from the people in power, or rather, in one important particular, were actually anticipated. It must not be forgotten that Gordon protested against the idea that he was to be rescued, that he was the aim of the expedition. He himself, he puts it, was relief expedition No. 1; he had been sent up to withdraw the garrisons, and had failed. The Nile force was to withdraw the garrisons and peaceful settlers, not to rescue him. As we all know, this was not at all the view of the Government. The garrisons were to be left, like Kasaala, "beyond the scope of our military operations." Now, just before the news came of the fall of Kartoum, many persons in England who knew Gordon knew that this policy would find him very "impracticable." "He will refuse to come away," they said, and they were not far wrong:—

The people up here would reason thus, if I attempted to leave: "You came up here, and had you not come, we should have some of us got away to Cairo, but we trusted in you to extricate us; we suffered and are suffering great privations, in order to hold the town. Had you not come we should have given in at once and obtained pardon; now we can, after our obstinate defence, expect no mercy from the Mahdi, who will avenge on us all the blood which has been spilt around Kartoum. You have taken our money and promised to repay us; all this goes for naught if you quit us; it is your bounden duty to stay by us, and to share our fate; if the British Government deserts us that is no reason for you to do so, after our having stood by you." I declare positively, and once for all, that I will not leave the Soudan until every one who wants to go down is given the chance to do so, unless a government is established, which relieves me of the charge; therefore if any emissary or letter comes up here ordering me to come down, I WILL NOT OBEY IT, BUT WILL STAY HERE, AND FIGHT WITH THE TOWN, AND RUN ALL RISKS.

Alas! how could a Government which had blundered into Egypt without an aim, which lived there on a legal fiction, as Dame Quintessence lived on Categories and Second Intentions, and which only prayed to be allowed to blunder out again, how could such a set of good men get on with a man like Gordon? As we have seen, he thought that a schoolboy who behaved as the Government behaved to him would deserve and receive a kicking. But he was not dealing with schoolboys; he was dealing with men "officially conies."

Gordon's Journals will be read by every one who is not a political partisan of the kind that hide their heads in the sand, still humming anthems to Mr. Gladstone beneath their breath. It is needless to remark that the Journals contain certain of his curious speculations as to the nature of man and the government of the world. He was not one of the generals who do not know fear; both in this volume and in his letters from Central Africa he remarks that he was constantly afraid—that is, afraid of his plans miscarrying. And for that reason he thought that a general's subordinates should not see too much of him; for anxiety, which the captain cannot but feel, is very contagious. He himself had been maddened by finding that, when anxiety made it impossible for him to eat, those who sat at meat with him all lost their appetites. Here is a quaint example of his humour, a dramatic imaginary soliloquy of the British soldier on the desert march:—

"See-saw, see-saw, why it is enough to kill a fellow. I can't keep my eyes open. I would give a shilling to have an hour's sleep! Yes, of course, you say it is close at hand, you black devil!" "I know your *Kareb* means at least three hours more." "Give you the water-bottle? I can't. I don't dare to touch the rope of this long-necked brute. Hullo! there is some one come a cropper. Rifle, 'broken,' of course, it is, you cannot fall from a precipice without its being broken." "Hi! stop! Catch hold of the brute; the machufat, as you call it, is slipping round. Can't you stop the brute (noise of a body falling); well, there is an end of it. I will walk now sooner than embark again on the ship of the desert. Am I hurt? Oh, no, of course not; rather enjoyed sensation. Walks half a mile, boots full of sand, and tries it again."—Scene in Desert: Explorations in Central Africa, by Her Majesty's Army.

One of the most curious proofs of that "simplicity which is a great part of a noble nature" will be found in Gordon's theory that the Mahdi's Frenchman was, of all people, M. Renan! M. Renan, "who, in his last publication, takes leave of the world, and is said to have gone to Africa, not to appear again." O thou

* The Journals of Major-General Gordon at Kartoum. Edited by A. Egmont Hake. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

of great faith! M. Renan, if he often takes leave, is loth to depart, and about as likely to join the Mahdi as Gordon was likely to sit for Birmingham in a reformed Parliament.

Here, again, are remarks on courage, remarks which have occurred, no doubt, to many people, but have seldom been more pithily put:—

Supposing one is wrinkled and grey haired, it is satire to say you are smooth-skinned, &c., &c., and beautiful, and so it must be with every man who knows himself and who is praised—endurance, self-denial, and twaddle—one would have bolted like a lamplighter if one could, and one could have stood the after criticism.

... on going to the trenches before Sevastopol fell out, and said he would not go down. The colonel put him under arrest. He was in a way more plucky to do this than to go to the trenches. Self-sacrifice is that of a nurse—ignored (and “paid,” of course, what can she want more?) No one goes into ecstasies over her self-denial.

Gordon recurs to this figure of the nurse, and, contrasting his own hard lot with hers, thinks hers much the harder.

As to the policy to be pursued by our Government on the general question, Gordon said that, if we failed to save Kartoum, we had better go back, “with our tails between our legs,” to Cairo. The Turk, the Unspeakable, must be paid to keep the Soudan in order:—

Remember we have no time to lose—that we must make our choice at once—and that choice must be one of a strong decisive kind, with no shifting hopes of something turning up. Our expedition is very ticklish, very expensive, and utterly unremunerative.

If once our men get sickly up here, and our programme is a skeddadle, the consequences might be most disastrous. The skeddadle programme would cool all the people against us, and strengthen the Mahdi immensely; and then there is no way to avoid the heats, unless by the skeddadle programme; but if you agree with the Turks, you avoid the heats and the skeddadle programme, and have people with you.

I hope I am not going down to History as being the cause of this expedition, for I decline the imputation. *The expedition comes up to deliver the garrisons.* I think it would read well in history: “Her Majesty’s Government having accepted duties in Egypt, and consequently in the Soudan, sent up a force to restore tranquillity, which, having been done, Her Majesty’s Government handed over that government of the Soudan to the Sultan.”

No Radical anywhere, not even Mr. Henry Labouchere, can hold stronger views as to the useless expense of our Egyptian sham-government, and as to the ignorance and rapacity of European officials in Egypt, than were held by General Gordon.

As for any of the men in Cairo now pretending to govern, it is useless; they know nothing of, and have no sympathy with, the country. What can they know of the country, sitting at Cairo? What the people want, is half taxes, and Censors going through provinces remedying evils. Do away with Wood’s army, an useless expense. Do away with three-fourths of European employes, railway, &c., &c.—cormorants!—ditto Gendarmerie.

Here we take leave of Gordon, not, probably, for the last time. The story of his life, the analysis of his character and thought, and a complete view of his treatment by Party, Press, and People in England, has yet to be written. None of us will have much to be proud of when the whole story is told. With Mr. Matthew Arnold (in the preface to his lately reprinted articles) Gordon agrees that England has been made, never by her Government, always by her individual children. Of those great sons of hers, men like Nelson and Wellington, Gordon was the last. May those who succeed him be, as in the prayer of Aias, “like him in all else, yet more fortunate.”

The book has an excellent index, and, especially considering the amazing pace at which it has been produced, is well edited by Mr. Hlake. The preface, in which Sir Henry Gordon exonerates Sir Charles Wilson from the charges of a newspaper correspondent, is highly satisfactory.

FOUR NOVELS.*

WELL-WRITTEN, pleasant, and instructive books for children were never so plentiful as at this present time. But *Linda’s Misfortunes* somehow fails to hit the mark. The little heroines are rude and boisterous in their behaviour, and their language savours more of Whitechapel than of Hampstead and of children in their supposed position. The author laudably endeavours to depict a pleasant stepmother, but in a hard young woman, who expects the little ones to be kind to her, whilst she makes no loving overtures to them, she does not achieve her object. The character of the invalid child whose sweet influence unites a divided family we all know too well, and would occasionally be glad to see what a healthy buoyant nature could do in the same direction.

Little Brian’s Trip to Dublin, in the same volume, is a much pleasanter tale, and charmingly told. We hope it will not lead many boys of seven to seek their fortunes, for they certainly would not all get so well treated.

A description of Rome in these days when every novel bristles with the Eternal City needs a pen both powerful and eloquent to make it attractive. The author of *Cara Roma* does not possess this pen, nor does she fulfil her evident intention to make her

reader see Rome as she sees it. It was most meritorious of Miss Grant to refrain from giving us more than two volumes, but in these two she endeavours to place Rome thoroughly before us; page after page and chapter upon chapter teem with minute description and unattractive detail. Through pages of digression and worn-out guide-book descriptions we gradually awake to the fact that there is a slight story. Adrian Dillon, a middle-aged scholar, arrives at Rome to endeavour to decipher the inscription on the “Rosetta stone,” and, leaning one morning “on the stone edge of Bernini’s Fontana della Barcaccia,” he falls in love with a beautiful young English girl buying flowers. Adrian stares rudely at her. She is soon joined by a lady—her mother—who of course happens to be Mr. Dillon’s cousin, Lady Daring, a lovely but eccentric creature, who flutters about Rome, instead of making a comfortable home for her old husband in England, which he deserved after years of exertion in the East. These cousins then and there begin to do Rome—more digressions, more rapture, and a eulogy on one of Ouida’s works. After an acquaintance of a few hours the middle-aged avunt, Adrian Dillon, and the young girl “Car” love each other passionately. Car, who has had a rural education, does not struggle to disguise her sentiments; she “put her left hand into his right with a quick, impulsive gesture—a pretty way she had of giving a silent salutation, which bore much expression.” However, the Darings did not think Adrian rich enough for their impulsive Car; but continued to take him about with them until a wealthier and younger suitor appeared—Lord Farnham. Miss Grant should be less hard on the mental capacities of members of the peerage when she uses real titles. Possibly the young man felt very uncomfortable and out of place among such overstrained art enthusiasts. The lovers, Adrian and Car, choose a strange moment for declaring their mutual attachment—on their knees peeping through a tiny window at the Pope. The parents remain firm, and Adrian prepares to leave Rome, when a telegram arrives, notifying that a title and fortune has been left him, and all ends happily. The story only occupies the space of a week, but the gigantic amount of work the characters get through must have been as exhausting to them as to the reader.

Colonel Enderby’s Wife is admirably well told, and the interest thoroughly sustained throughout. As a study, the character of Jessie Enderby seems singularly complete, but as an actual being she is utterly impossible. All the characters are well drawn, and most of them original. The Colonel is the second son of Matthew Enderby, an ill-tempered old man, who disinherits his son, believing him to have been implicated in the death of his elder brother, and who dies, leaving his property to a third son. This, however, has nothing to do with the story, neither has the vivid scene at the death of Matthew—saving perhaps as an introduction to the inevitable family doctor, a capital study in this case. We find the Colonel at forty-eight, an honest, straightforward, gallant soldier, evidently none the worse for having been disinherited, and with a brilliant future before him. The Colonel is a bachelor, and is travelling in Italy, when he finds himself at Terzia, where the second wife and the only child of his late boyhood friend, Pierce-Dawney, reside. He calls on them, and immediately becomes irretrievably in love with the girl, a beautiful soulless creature, who soon is willing to marry him by way of a little distraction. The marriage is pushed forward eagerly by Eleanor Pierce-Dawney, the stepmother, who wishes to get rid of the girl to further her own love affair. And Colonel Enderby marries Jessie Pierce-Dawney, gives up his profession, and devotes the end of a noble life to a selfish and heartless being, whom he adored with the most chivalrous fidelity. But she did not respond in any way to his love, and at one time left him in a dying condition to dance in the next room. A severe accident befell the Colonel in the hunting-field soon after their marriage, and he was told by his doctors that nothing could save him but entire rest and careful nursing. Aware of his wife’s horror of pain and sickness, he disguises his sufferings; but

his face was curiously pale and had a drawn look upon it. Jessie did not come any nearer to him nor offer to help him. She stood aside and watched him with remarkable carefulness and attention. Her smooth, white forehead contracted as she did so.

“You are not going to be ill, Philip?” she said in a low voice.
“No, no. Of course not,” the Colonel answered quickly and cheerily.
“I’m all right. I’m as sound as a bell, really; just a little bit tired and knocked about this evening, you know, but nothing to matter, nothing for you to worry yourself about.”

Then he looked at her with a strangely wistful expression.
“Do you care for me enough to mind very much whether I am ill or not, my beautiful young wife?” he said slowly.

Jessie looked back frankly, sweetly, as she spoke.
“I care for you very much, Philip; but I dislike sickness. . . . I never go near people who are ill and may die. It is so distressing. One should only see people when they are well and agreeable and at their best. It is too much to ask one to see them when they have become—well, distasteful, I think.”

When, in extremis, he makes his only request to her that she will remain in his house, to prevent people talking, until after his death, she says:—

“Don’t keep me here, let me go to-day; I have made all my arrangements. If you keep me I shall grow wicked. I can’t help it, I am made like that. I hate what is sad, and I shall come to hate you, Philip. Let me go to-day, and then I shall think of you as you were—not, not as you are now. I can never feel to you again as I used to. Think what you are condemning me to. I might as well be shut away in a prison,” &c.

And the dying soldier did not once reproach her, or waver at all in his affection for her. He even said a few moments before his

* *Linda’s Misfortunes*; and *Little Brian’s Trip to Dublin*. By Miss Mulholland. Dublin: Gill. 1885.

Cara Roma. By Maria M. Grant. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

Colonel Enderby’s Wife. By Lucas Malet. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

The Duchess Emilia. By Barrett Wendell. London: Trübner & Co. 1885.

sadly tragic death, "For me it has ended badly, alas, but I do not complain. I, too, have had my beautiful days."

The other characters are very well described. Eleanor Pierce-Dawney, in spite of her complicated domestic arrangements, and unfinished aspirations, is eminently womanly, and the final chapter gives great satisfaction. Perhaps one of the best of the minor characters is that of Cecilia, the Colonel's early love. The author has happily accentuated her eccentricities without making her at all less lovable.

A more revolting conception than that which forms the motive of Mr. Barrett Wendell's story can hardly be conceived. The idea of the soul of a deceased person entering into the body of some one else was long ago developed in a fantastic manner by the master hands of Erckmann-Chatrian in their *Bourgmestre en Bouteille*. In the *Duchess Emilia*, the spirit of a peccant Roman lady has infused itself into the body of a sickly young American, Richard Beverly, the son of lunatic parents, with "marvellous great eyes" and "billowy black curls." The following is an extract from this brilliant young original's diary (p. 19):—

I cannot get rid of the idea [he writes] that I am in the world for some definite reason. It is a common enough idea, they tell me. I was sent here to do my duty in general, they go on to say; it consists partly of church-going, and partly of making money as fast as possible, and partly of being either very radical or very conservative, as the case may be, on the question of slavery. Bah! such commonplace make me mad. It is none of them or of their kind that I look for. But I feel—I have grown to feel, day after day and month after month—that I am here in this world of sunshine and darkness because I have a work to do—a work as real as a Messiah's. It is a work that no man but I can do, yet what it is I cannot tell. And the time may be passing and the work may be left undone for ever. Yet I can find no light, nor any sun.

This youth goes to Italy. "How he crossed the Atlantic has little to do with us," says the author. Then follows the inevitable descriptions of the "Caracci," the "Causenda," the "fair San Giovanni," the "tower of Giotto Fiesole," "the soft valley of the Arno," the "Trasimene Lakes," "Perugia," "Assisi," and so forth, without which no modern novel is complete. The sexless young hero is finally brought to Rome, where he comes in contact with the aged Cardinal Giulio Colonna, a former lover of the deceased lady, the Duchess Emilia in fact, whose spirit had entered, Gergesene fashion, into Richard Beverly. Hereupon a singular sympathy springs up between the old ecclesiastic and the young Yankee tourist, who tells us presently that he feels his heart as he looks at the Cardinal "swell with answering love, strong and deep as a woman might give her lover." "'Giulio!' I found myself murmuring, of him whom in this life I have known only as the prince of a Church that is not mine. Yes, to me as I stood there he was Giulio still; the dark-eyed boy who loved me in old Rome. 'Giulio!' I murmured again. He started, as if my voice had come from the tomb. Quickly, as if he were still young, his hand made the sign of the cross. . . . 'You have no right here, rude fellow,' he said," and so forth. But this story is so thoroughly morbid and unpleasant, and so unlikely to appeal to the generality of readers, that it is unnecessary to pursue it further.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS (VENETIAN), 1557-1558.*

WE do not know whether the volume before us will prove to be the last piece of work completed by the late Mr. Rawdon Brown before his decease rather more than eighteen months ago. He died full of years, and full of that kind of literary honours which rewards a lifetime of single-minded and unostentatious labours little heeded by the vulgar. The phrase "original authorities," which is so gaily bandied to and fro at Boards of Faculties and Boards of Studies, has a solid significance in connexion with the exertions of a scholar who in his day literally travelled through millions of State papers. The transcripts alone which the Public Record Office owes to him have been stated to number 126 volumes; and of the Calendar which will keep his memory green in a wider circle of students, the present, though nominally part of the sixth, is in point of fact the ninth volume. We observe that a further volume relating to "1559, &c." is advertised as "in progress"; but no clue is given to the share taken in its preparation by the late editor of the Venetian series. The choice of his successor, if it has been made, must have been one of no ordinary difficulty. Mr. Rawdon Brown was engaged in the study of Venetian and cognate historical documents during a period of at least half a century; for it is as far back as 1837 that he published his notices on Sanuto, the author of the famous diaries compared with which even Narcissus Luttrell's *Brief Historical Relation* is brief indeed. This and his other minor publications are necessarily known to few besides specialists; but his preface to the first volume of his *Calendar* (1864) is not only a masterpiece in its way, like those of the late Professor Brewer, but would, like them, well deserve republication in a form more accessible to the general public. In his prefaces Mr. Rawdon Brown was wont freely to acknowledge the assistance given to him by others, and especially by M. Pasini, whose differences with the combative Mr. Friedmann this would not be a suitable opportunity for reviving. But Mr. Rawdon Brown was himself a man of

great and varied learning, of which his *Calendars* liberally give their readers the benefit, more especially in the very welcome form of short foot-notes, such as might, for any reason we see to the contrary, be more freely vouchsafed in some of the other volumes "directed" by the Master of the Rolls; and his style has that delightful sub-flavour which is proper to none but scholars accustomed to write for scholars. If the present volume is really his last, there will at all events be something singularly suitable in the fact that the volumes edited by him conclude with the last year in the sixteenth century which witnessed the presence of a Venetian ambassador in England. In his first preface Mr. Rawdon Brown recalled the fact that, notwithstanding the pains taken by Queen Elizabeth to obtain this mark of recognition from the Signiory, it was not till six weeks before her death that the Secretary Scaramelli arrived in England; and even he was entrusted with no other commission than that of obtaining redress for damage done to Venetian trade. Pope Gregory XIII. had insisted that so pious a Republic could not countenance *una trista* like the heretic Queen. In our own days the country to which Venice disdained to send an ambassador is represented there by a Vice-Consul. Whatever matter of interest concerning England the next volumes of this *Calendar* contain will accordingly be derived, not from Venetian sources, but from some of the other North Italian archives, which already Mr. Rawdon Brown has placed under contribution. Thus the appendix to the present volume contains many curious gleanings from those Modena archives in which Leibnitz made his genealogical researches; and concludes with an "original despatch" found at Mantua, which is original enough to deserve an article by itself. It contains the *impressions de voyage* concerning London and Englishmen in general of one Annibale Litolfi, an agent apparently of the Duke of Mantua. The description of London itself is not without points of interest; as, for instance, the notice that, "on entering the Tower, there is a *serraglio* in which from grandeur they keep lions and tigers and cat-lions," and the following odd summary of the curriculum of studies in the Temple:—

Englishmen alone, but no foreigners, come to London to study law which is not common law, but certain particular laws, which serve them for common law. There is [the writer even more oddly adds] a literary university at Oxford, where they study common law.

The imperturbable self-consciousness of our ancestors, who had neither our pre-eminence in the matter of imports and exports, nor our incomparable breed of horses to appeal to in order indisputably to exalt them above other nations, stands forth very humorously in this amusing despatch. Our high opinion of ourselves was so much the more to our credit that in many respects it was most certainly not shared by other nations. In one of the Venetian despatches in the earlier part of the present volume the writer agrees as a matter of course with the opinion of the Duke of Savoy that little account need be taken of an army entirely composed of English soldiery, adding as a reason that "they are not adapted for war, having neither discipline, weapons, nor judgment." But we must pass on to documents of less superficial import.

The State Papers calendared in the third part of Mr. Rawdon Brown's sixth volume, apart from the Appendix, begin with a despatch referring to the victory of St. Quentin and end (or very nearly so) with accounts of the deaths of Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole. St. Quentin, in the opinion of Don Ferrante Gonzaga, ought to have been followed up by a march upon Paris; but, as is well known, things soon took a very different turn, and very few months had passed before, at the suggestion, as Michiel reports, of the French marshal, Pietro Strozzi, Calais had been invested. We wonder whether it struck any of the worthy tulle manufacturers who recently agitated for the commemoration of Eustache de Sainte-Pierre by a renaming of Calais that the cognomen suggested by them would have simultaneously celebrated the soldier who first proposed the liberation of the town from English control. Certainly Englishmen cannot look back with unmixed satisfaction upon a loss which may have ultimately proved a political gain, but which was the result of as gratuitously gross mismanagement as is recorded in any part of our military annals. Surian, Venetian ambassador with Philip II., saw through the pretence set up by the King and his Ministers as a cloak to their vexation, "that from this evil a great benefit would be derived, as the English, provoked by the injury, would muster such considerable forces as to keep France in constant trouble." But that there was provocation enough in the circumstances of the catastrophe could hardly be gainsaid, especially if Michiel, now Venetian ambassador in France, was correctly informed by King Henry II. that Lord Wentworth, among other mistakes contributing to the loss of the place, neglected the precaution of flooding the fields, as he could have done, "because he did not choose to deprive himself of next summer's crops by swamping the sowed *possessioni e campi* to his own detriment and that of the principal inhabitants of the town, through loss of the harvest." Queen Mary, as has been often narrated, was roused by the news to action when it was too late; though afterwards, when a storm had scattered the transports hastily made ready for the relief of Guisnes, she counterordered the expedition. It pleases Mr. Froude to generalize from this that "in every large occurrence she imagined a miracle"; but the letters from Pole to Philip in the present volume help to confirm the impression that she was of too constant a spirit to give way under any delusion of the kind. In France, as was natural, the joy seems to have been intense, and King Henry embraced the Venetian Ambassador "very tenderly, the expression of his countenance

* *Calendar of State Papers and Manuscripts, relating to English Affairs, existing in the Archives of Venice, and in other Libraries in Northern Italy.* Vol. VI. Part III. 1557-1558. With an Appendix. Edited by Rawdon Brown. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

and his gestures indicating extraordinary satisfaction." But perhaps the most politic comment on the event was that reported by Navagero, who represented the Signiory at Rome, to have proceeded from the Duke of Paliano, the captain-general of the forces of his uncle, Pope Paul IV.:-

This is good news for the See Apostolic and for the Signiory of Venice, it being for the benefit of Italy that the affairs of those Princes should be counterbalanced, and that they should break each other's heads in those countries over there until they tire themselves, as then some agreement might be hoped for; and, to tell you my secret opinion, I am most extremely glad of it, having always wished the Pope not to incline more to one than to the other.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that the most interesting passages in this volume are those which throw additional light on the character and career of the Pope to whom the above extract refers. The date at which the entries in the volume begin falls a little after the catastrophe of Paul IV.'s endeavour to worst the House of Habsburg in a struggle savouring in conception, though not in manner, rather of the eleventh or twelfth than of the sixteenth century. After Alva, as Viceroy of Naples, had in the most respectful manner possible reduced his venerated neighbour to virtual submission, and had been magnificently entertained at Rome by the baffled but outwardly far from downcast Pontiff, the great political scheme of Paul IV.'s reign was really at an end. In Mr. Rawdon Brown's Appendix will be found some despatches from Rome of earlier dates reporting the Pope's designs against the King of Spain, and stating a Bull to have been held in readiness, depriving Philip not only of the Kingdom of Naples, but of all royal administration, and of every other State. Towards the close of the year 1557 Paul IV. seems to have turned with all the greater zeal to the religious side of his policy as Pope, and to have warred against heresy, or the semblance of heresy, with a determination equal to that which, as an Italian, and more especially as a Neapolitan, he had displayed against Spain. On an early page in the present volume Navagero reports the complaint of the Cardinals that every Thursday his Holiness assembles the Congregation of the Inquisition for the prosecution of an individual heretic, while disregarding the danger of the loss to the Church of such a kingdom as Poland, and leaving King Ferdinand in Germany to preserve the small remnant of the faithful there by his own exertions. Shortly afterwards he is found ordering the solemnization of the *cathedra* of Rome by way of a practical refutation of Lutheran doubts as to St. Peter's having been in Rome and having placed "the See" there. But this was a harmless manifestation of what Navagero calls the Pope's "cervello," just as there cannot be said to be anything surprising in the assertion attributed to him by the same authority that the people cannot be ruled without religion, "for even in other times the false religion assisted the Governments, and therefore Numa Pompilius introduced the nymph Egeria to restrain the people, others availing themselves of other inventions." The spirit of Paul IV.'s religious policy was, however, very unmistakably shown by his aversion from those Cardinals, and the friends of those Cardinals, who had formerly been after their fashion desirous of ecclesiastical reform. In the present volume we find him refusing to allow Pole's "familiar," Luigi Priuli, to take possession of the see of Brescia, to which he had been appointed by Julius III. at the request of the Venetian Signiory, and we have Pole himself in vain protesting against his own deprivation of the legatine authority in the country which through his agency had been reconciled to Rome. The Pope, he declares, is "sword in hand" against him, and against Priuli and Morone—the Cardinal whom Paul IV. ultimately cast into prison as a suspected heretic. In addition, these pages contain some curious details concerning the Papal administration, and as a matter of course there is frequent mention of the Pope's Caraffa nephews, of whom in a few weeks after the date at which this volume closes he was, by an extraordinary effort of will, to rid himself. His ideas of a reform of ecclesiastical discipline, which are referred to in a remarkable despatch from Navagero (pp. 1446-1447), were not to remain wholly barren; but his intention of summoning a General Council to Rome proved one of the many illusions of his tempestuous career.

Among other curious passages are some referring to Alva, and illustrating both his rivalry with Ruy Gomez and his comparatively early weariness of a service which upon him, too, entailed so many sacrifices. Surian reports how the Duke has told the King "that he has served much, and is now" (in 1558, i.e. in the fiftieth year of his life, and ten years before he was sent to the Netherlands) "old and has need of repose, and wishes, with his Majesty's leave, to pass the rest of his life on his estate of Alva, although Alva no longer exists, thus implying that he has sold and mortgaged everything for his Majesty's service, so he requires to be assisted, and aspires to the Duchy of Bari." Of more specifically English interest are the letters referring to "Miladi" Elizabeth. From a despatch of Surian's it appears that as early as 1557 Philip instructed his confessor, De Fresneda, to use his best endeavours with Queen Mary to induce her to let Elizabeth marry as her acknowledged sister, and with the hope of succeeding to the crown, bidding him at the same time keep this negotiation absolutely secret, for fear of the French. Philip's fear was that otherwise Elizabeth would make a marriage inimical to the interests of Spain and the Church; but the Confessor had the greatest trouble to obtain Mary's consent to a recognition of Elizabeth as her sister, and when that consent had been given, it was revoked two days afterwards, as the Confessor

thought, in consequence of some blunder committed in happy ignorance of the King's design by Cardinal Pole. The negotiations through Feria, immediately after Queen Mary's death, are well known, and mentioned by Mr. Froude; but it is interesting to note how slowly in this as in other matters Philip's plans matured. According to one of the despatches of Michiel in the collection published by Mr. Friedmann in 1869, it was as early as the beginning of 1555, less than a year after his marriage with Mary, that he had thought of marrying her sister in the event ("che Dio ne garde") of his wife's decease. Elizabeth, as is well known, was supposed to be entirely in the French interest; and when the actual news of Mary's death reached France, the whole Court and a large part of the nobility were, according to another despatch from Michiel included in the present volume, filled with unspeakable joy.

Among the varied contents of the Appendix, the novelty of which has partly been already discounted, are an interesting correspondence of Queen Margaret (of Anjou), and numerous references to the delicacies sent by the Signiory in their Flanders galleys to her husband and to her husband's successor, including "candied myrobolan plums," the name of which has a special flavour for the readers of Goethe's correspondence with Marianne von Willemer. Among the documents of the Tudor period is an account of an audience granted by Henry VIII. to Jacomo Zambon, Venetian Secretary in England, from which it would appear that in the days of his decline the King confessed to an inability to speak Latin fluently. Of very different importance is the translated "Opinion" of Queen Mary on Church policy and the treatment of heretics, drawn up by her as an instruction for Pole "at the time when the Synod was held"—i.e. we suppose at the time when Parliament assembled for the formal reconciliation with Rome.

We cannot conclude without adverting to the unusual fulness and distinctness (so far as it has come under our notice) of the index to this volume. It is by Mr. R. E. Gent Kirk, late assistant to Mr. Rawdon Brown, and perhaps destined to be one of his successors.

GLOVES.*

"WHAT can there be in gloves to make a book about?"

This is the first sentence in this pretty little volume. Mr. Beck is not afraid of the challenge, and justifies the existence of his work very completely in the subsequent pages—so completely, in fact, that the reader begins to wonder why no book on gloves has been produced before. Mr. Beck has endeavoured, he tells us, to make up a book of "glove-lore," and it must be allowed that he has succeeded. Gloves were in ancient times symbolical, and entered into the ritual of many ceremonial observances. Their use in this way still survives in the practice of giving and wearing gloves at funerals. In fact, it is in the unwritten code of the undertaker that the antiquary of the present unceremonious age finds the most curious jumble of heathen and mediæval observances. Long after all their meaning has been forgotten, there are plumes and scarves, batons and scutcheons, mutes and pall-bearers. Mr. Beck mentions a farm on which two shillings a year is charged to provide a pair of kid gloves for the parson of the parish on the first Sunday in Lent, and a village where, on the first anniversary of a death, a pair of gloves was placed on the grave to be appropriated by the nearest relative who visited it that day. Almost only one other ceremonial use of gloves survives. "White gloves at a maiden assize," says Mr. Beck, "represent the zero of crime—the antithesis of the black cap." He fails to trace the origin of this "ancient institution." At a former period the gloves were given to a judge when he had presided over an assize where no prisoner was capitally convicted, which disposes of a suggestion that has been made to account for the custom. It is sometimes said that judges are forbidden to try cases with gloves on, and that a gift of the kind means that there are no cases to be tried. There was undoubtedly some such prohibition, and a well-known anecdote of Sir Thomas More points to its meaning. A suitor who had won her case in his court presented him with a pair of gloves "lined" with forty angels. "Mistress," said the upright Chancellor, "since it were against good manners to refuse your New Year's Gift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the lining I utterly refuse it." Perhaps there is some meaning of the kind in the inflexible rule that a person taking an oath must do it with at least his right hand bare; but until lately it was thought rude not to pull off the glove before shaking hands.

The antiquity of gloves in England is well known. We have a contemporary account of the funeral of Henry II. in which gloves are mentioned. Richard and John have gloves on the hands of their effigies. Mr. Beck, by the way, is mistaken in saying that John was buried at Fontevraud. When the tomb of Edward I. in Westminster Abbey was opened in 1774 marks of gloves were found on the backs of the hands, though the gloves themselves had perished. A pair of gloves was among the regalia destroyed at the time of the Commonwealth. "Doubtless," says Mr. Beck, "many a splendid glove, hallowed by long association, if not by direct consecration, disappeared during the Reformation"; yet the use of gloves appears to have been maintained, and their connexion with the episcopate comes out, even after the

* *Gloves, their Annals and Associations.* By S. W. Beck. London: Hamilton & Adams.

Restoration, in a manner not the most agreeable to the bishops. In 1678 a custom was still enforced by which it was usual "to make presents of gloves to all persons that came to the Consecration Dinners." Money being sadly needed at this time for the rebuilding of St. Paul's, the King was induced to ordain that in lieu of glove-money each new bishop "shall hereafter pay the sum of 50*l.*" towards the good work. We find among the bishops who thus subscribed Crewe and Fell of Oxford, Compton of London, and Ken of Bath and Wells. Ken gave 100*l.*

It will be seen from these few notes that Mr. Beck has made a very entertaining book on what at first sight seemed an unpromising subject. He divides it into two parts, historical and symbolic; but the division is somewhat arbitrary. There is no very clear distinction between the divisions. "Gloves on the Throne" or "Gloves on the Bench" might as well have been chapters in the second part as in the first. "Hawking Gloves" is the title of an interesting chapter. "It is a fair inference to suppose that the wearing of gloves has been co-existent with the pursuit of hawking." Hedging-gloves are also of great antiquity, and Mr. Beck will find a reference to them of an earlier period than any he has quoted in one of the legends of St. Thomas of Canterbury, printed by the late Canon Robertson in one of his volumes for the Rolls Series. The oldest notice Mr. Beck quotes is from the account of Magdalen College, in 1494, when 43*d.* a pair is charged for hedging-gloves. A little earlier it was ordained at the Guildhall of London that workers in leather or cordwainers should sell gloves of sheep leather for 1½*d.* a pair, and the best for 2*d.* At trade pageants gloves took a prominent place, and gloves are constantly charged for in the accounts of the Coventry mystery-plays and other functions of the kind. Herod wore red gloves; 4*d.* is paid for "Pylatt gloves," and two shillings "to the Marie for her gloves and wages." A certain John le Gaunter is recorded in 1242 to have killed a man in a brawl, and the occurrence of his name is, Mr. Beck thinks, the earliest mention of the trade in England. "Le Gaunter" might possibly indicate a native of Gaunt, or Ghent, which reminds us to mention that Mr. Beck has not been taken in by a mistake in the first edition of Mr. Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places*, where the name and manufacture are derived from Ghent. The word was "used in legal formulae of the ninth and tenth centuries," and Bede spoke of it in the eighth. Mr. Beck concludes the historical section of his book with a chapter on the glove trade which is full of interesting and little-known particulars. There is a good deal about Lord Strangford's inquiry into the English manufacture, and we are told much that is curious as to the materials used. Kids' skins are really the staple, especially in France, but in England lambs, sheep, and calves are placed under contribution. When we conclude this brief notice by saying that Mr. Beck's little volume is well printed, has a sufficient number of illustrations, and is extremely well indexed, we may safely recommend it, not to the antiquary only, but to every one who likes to see a piece of literary work well done, however unimportant the subject.

THE CONGO.*

WE have always been disposed to regard Mr. Stanley's feats of exploration as among the greatest and most remarkable achieved by any known traveller, but we confess until his just-published book came under our notice we were loth to concede him literary skill. A journalistic fluency of style he always possessed; he was never at a loss for words, though he may not always have been quite clear as to the exact meaning of those he employed, being somewhat disposed to take the sound for the sense; but, except in certain passages of his *Dark Continent*, where the intense feeling of the moment wrung from him a sincere and pathetic eloquence and simplicity of utterance, he indulged too much in a declamatory style that rather savoured of the popular lecture-hall than the sober descriptions of a trustworthy traveller.

This is not the impression left on us after a perusal of his latest work. The five years' silence imposed on Mr. Stanley seems to have had a beneficial effect on his literary powers. The book we are reviewing is not only the best thing he has ever written, but from some points of view it is the first really good work that has issued from his pen.

We most of us know now what sent Mr. Stanley back to the Congo, after returning from his great journey across the African continent. Leopold II. of Belgium for more than a decade has evinced an enthusiastic interest in the opening up of Africa. Some say he wished to found indirect colonies for Belgium in a way that would not contravene the provisions of the treaty by which the Great Powers guaranteed the independence of Belgium but forbade her to colonize; others that he was purely actuated by philanthropic—*selon d'autres*, Quixotic—motives, and was content to lavish a vast fortune on Central African schemes which would tend to the extinction of slavery and the careful introduction of a selected civilization to the simple swarthy children of savage Africa. Whichever motive—and either was equally laudable—may have led him to found the African International Association, it is certain that the result of his wishes reflects high credit both on himself as arch-promoter and supporter of the scheme and on Mr. Stanley as his vicegerent in Africa.

Let it suffice, then, that we briefly remind our readers how Mr. Stanley proceeded to the Congo in 1879, remained there, with one

short intervening trip to Europe, for five years, made roads round the cataracts, carried his steamers and whale-boats to Stanley Pool, launched them there on the upper navigable river, founded nearly twenty stations between the mouth of the Congo and the Stanley Falls (an approximate distance of 1,400 miles), and before relinquishing his task concluded treaties with native chiefs along the river bank which secured to the International Association sovereign territorial rights. We can now discuss more particularly the descriptive portions of Mr. Stanley's book. It is in portraying the various chiefs and kinglets of the Congo that he interests us most, for his verbal portraits are so evidently lifelike and so full of happy touches of local colour that all, and those especially who know the African at home, will feel how distinctly many a prominent chieftain stands out a living, realizable entity in Mr. Stanley's pages. Such a man as Ngaléma, for instance, the Big Man (rather than Chief) of Ntamo, on Stanley Pool. How well is his complex character of good and bad, bumptious, boasting, naïve, affectionate, deceitful, blood-thirsty, impressionable—in short, thoroughly African combination of qualities—described. This man had been originally the slave of one of the chiefs of Kinshasa (on Stanley Pool), but, by dint of intriguing and clever trading in ivory, soon became noted for his wealth. His master was old and his power shaken, so Ngaléma left him and set up for himself in the adjoining district of Ntamo. Here he created a "town" of traders—people of all the surrounding tribes—who lived together peaceably under the common bond of allegiance to Ngaléma, who was the greatest trader among them, what Mr. Stanley calls the arch-type of a middleman. He bought the ivory of the Ba-yansi and Ba-teke (who themselves purchased it higher up the river), and re-sold it with a handsome profit to the native traders of the coast, the Ba-Kongo and Ba-Zombo, who came as far as Stanley Pool to buy. Ngaléma was himself a Mu-téké—a member of the great Ba-teke tribe—and his rule was alien at Ntamo, where the indigenous population was Wa-mundo. Nevertheless, though a stranger in the land, he played a conspicuous part in the politics of the Pool, owing to the many "guns" he could muster among his adherents. To him came Mr. Stanley shortly after his arrival at Stanley Pool, because in this *parvenu* he hoped to find a useful ally and tool in dominating the counsels of the adverse chiefs; for De Brazza's Senegalese lieutenant, Malamine, had contrived to poison the minds of many against Mr. Stanley by telling them "he was an eater of young babies." However, negotiations with Ngaléma are for a long time barren in result. He absorbs presents to the extent of over 200*l.*, and gives in return slight offerings in food supplies which, at a liberal computation, might represent about 11*l.* in value, and then asks Mr. Stanley to leave the country quietly or expect to be turned out by force. This is, however, what Mr. Stanley is not inclined to do, so he makes friends with old Makoko, the real Lord of the Pool, and through his mediation obtains the assent of the other chiefs to his building and settling in those regions. Then Ngaléma tries to play the bully, but is frightened into good humour by a clever ruse of Mr. Stanley's, and finally, after many palavers and much wearisome haggling, Ngaléma's capricious friendship is won and Léopoldville is built. Then come more troubles, however. Ngaléma, on the plea of brotherhood, asks and asks for presents and knows not satiety. A time comes when he must be refused; then he pouts and threatens war. One day Mr. Stanley writes:—

Ngaléma is crossing our little river with forty guns, Makabi, Mubi, and Ganchu are with him. Over a hundred men with guns are beyond the little river in the grass. Not to be taken at a disadvantage, forty of my men were placed quickly under arms, and we marched down to a large marquee-tent we had constructed fifty yards away from the palisaded camp. Ngaléma and his party had already arrived, but our party were placed in skirmishing order about twenty yards away from them in a crescent from between the tent and the path which led to Kintamo; I had also my double-barrelled smoothbore with me, and advancing a few paces forward with my gun in the hollow of my left hand, muzzle downwards, I said, "Speak, Ngaléma; is it peace or war? What do you mean by bringing guns to my camp?"

The poor pagan thought he was in my power, and looking for a moment at the stern faces of my men, who had also followed my movements, though not one gun was loaded, instantly threw his gun away, and threw himself on the ground, rubbing his face in the dust, and crying out, "Ay, kill me, Bula Matari! Ay, kill me, my brother. Yes, you are strong—strong! Kill me; see, here is my breast."

Ngaléma had conquered me by this appeal.

And Mr. Stanley goes on to tell how he made a compact with Ngaléma that neither should enter the other's settlement with arms, how the chief agreed to the compact, and how he often broke it. Finally, the better traits in the man's nature come out, and Mr. Stanley's parting with him is quite affectionate. He records some of his proverbial philosophy:—"A pea-nut from a true friend is better than a bunch of bananas from an enemy"; "Among friends you may sleep with open doors"; "A look into a friend's eyes is better than a treasure of cloth from a man you doubt."

Old "Mata Bwika," "Lord of Many Guns," the great Bangala chief, is described as "an African Hercules," "an old grey-headed man of Herculean stature and breadth of shoulder, with a large square face and an altogether massive head, out of which his solitary eye seemed to glare with penetrative power. I should judge him to be 6 ft. 2 ins. in height. He had a strong sonorous voice, which, when lifted to speak to his tribe, was heard clearly several hundred yards off." Ikaka, King of Bólóbó, also figures in Mr. Stanley's book; and there is jolly old "Papa Gobila," of

* *The Congo; or, the Founding of a Free State.* 2 vols. By H. M. Stanley. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

Mawata, and Mukuku, of Yambinga, and the fascinating and estimable Ngankabi, Queen of the Wabuma, of whom Mr. Stanley writes:—

Excepting her hair and colour, she had nothing negroid about her. Draw a figure with the Martha Washington type of face, colour it with rich bronze, put short frizzly hair of a negro above, and one has a striking likeness of Queen Ngankabi. If of full length, draw it to represent a figure of 5 ft. 7½ ins., of sturdy, square-shouldered, substantial form, with an ample grass cloth about her; bare bust, bare feet, and bare head, with no ornaments about her except a heavy copper wristlet.

Scattered through Mr. Stanley's two volumes, especially the last, are many interesting ethnological facts; though we confess it would have been much more convenient if he had combined them in one good anthropological chapter at the end. He notices among the people on the Aruwimi River (now known as the Biyerre) the curious "drum" language which bears so prominent a part in Abyssinian military tactics. The drums are struck in such a manner that the sounds emitted resemble certain words and cries. On this same river, too, he notices a change of architecture, the rectangular oblong house which prevails everywhere on the Congo giving place to huts of a conical extinguisher form. Unfortunately, no information as to languages is given anywhere, and we can only gather by the prefixes of the local names that they all belong to the Bantu family. Some of the portraits of natives given are very good, some are bad. In other words, some are evidently taken from photographs and others from bad sketches or mental recollection.

For those who wish to see a specimen of a pure "Bantu" physical type (as distinguished from the negro—and many argue that this distinction is only linguistic), let them look at the admirable portrait of the Chief of Yambinga (p. 108, vol. ii.). This type, with resolute chin, square-cut face, high aquiline nose, with thin well-shaped nostrils, prominent brows, small eyes, broad forehead, large but not thick-lipped mouth, may be seen many times among the Zulus, the Yaos of Lake Nyassa, the Ovaherero of Damaraland, and the people of the Upper Congo.

The dwarf tribes of the Watwa are again heard of but not seen. Some of them are reported to dwell near Lake Mantumba, which brings them very much to the west. It is not yet known whether they are merely degraded dwarfish Bantu people, or another race altogether.

Several interesting facts in natural history are noted at random. At Vivi, or near Vivi, Mr. Stanley tells us, the "Spitting-snake" (a kind of cobra—the Spugh Slange of the Boers—*Naja Haje*) was very abundant, and that the ejected venom which it shot at the men's eyes caused severe inflammation, lasting nearly two days, whenever it entered the eye.

He has a good deal to say about elephants, hippopotami, and buffaloes. The latter animal is peculiarly fierce and dangerous, and not only several coloured men, but one of the whites, a brave young Englishman named Gamble-Keys, owed their deaths to these infuriated brutes. Yet this buffalo is the small West African species—*Bubalis Brachyceros*—and not the formidable creature of East and South Africa.

On the banks of the Congo, above Stanley Pool, Mr. Stanley actually saw a lion. This is very interesting, as proving the existence of the great feline in a part of West Africa where it was previously denied. Mr. Johnston, in his work on the Congo, infers its existence, but only from native reports.

The vegetable products of the Congo Mr. Stanley finds to be particularly rich. In some places wild coffee grows abundantly, in others there are dense forests of the valuable oil-palm, *Elaeis Guineensis*. The Landolphia Florida, or india-rubber producing creeper, is constantly met with. Orchilla-weed and gum-copal are abundant on the upper river. Ground-nuts, camwood, kola-nuts, rattan canes, African ebony, and Adansonia fibre also exist in exportable quantities; but in his exuberance Mr. Stanley goes on to include in his catalogue other vegetable products which as yet are not found on the Congo—such as nutmegs, ginger, myrrh, and frankincense. Doubtless a few years of cultivation will rectify this. There is another palpable mistake in the list of marketable products of the Congo region—*Morse* teeth. Surely this is a misprint for hippopotamus, for the morse or walrus is an inhabitant of the Arctic regions.

One of the best and most useful parts of Mr. Stanley's book is his treatise on the climate of the Congo and the mode of life which may best ensure health. This every intending African traveller should get by heart, for it is full of wisdom and common sense. Mr. Stanley lays particular stress on the extreme danger which attends even moderate indulgence in alcoholic liquors, and advises people in Africa to reserve them as medicines in cases of convalescence and nervous exhaustion. He directs us to avoid any fatty matter in our diet, to be moderate in consumption of fruit, not too lavish with tea or coffee, and never to take a cold bath. The sun must be always guarded against not only with proper head coverings, but also with constant use of umbrellas. Finally, we are told that to work in Africa during many years and not suffer in health, one should, after every eighteen months passed on the Congo, run back to Europe or Madeira for a three months' trip, and thus constantly renew one's stamina and bodily vigour.

Altogether, this is a book which we have read with very considerable interest. It is not only one of the chief works of the year, but is likely to remain a standard authority on Africa for at least a generation to come.

SHAKESPEARE AS A LAWYER.

MR. FRANKLIN FISKE HEARD, of Boston (Mass.), who has already made divers contributions to legal *ana*, brought out some time ago a very pretty little book in which the legal passages of Shakspeare are collected. By some accident it has only now come to our hands. Its purpose is the same as that of Lord Campbell's similar work published many years ago and duly referred to by Mr. Heard—namely, to show from the frequency and accuracy of Shakspeare's use of legal terms that he must at some time have gone through a professional training. The passages are carefully selected and exhibited, and fanciful or strained interpretations, though they occur, are exceptional. We think it is too much to say that "lay by the heels" was a technical expression for committing to prison. It was merely a popular expression which lawyers and judges used in their familiar moments. And as for "take mine ease in mine inn" having anything to do with every man's house being his castle, it needs much better authority than Percy's to convince us of it. Likewise we should have been better pleased if Mr. Heard had not treated the exploded fable of *jus prime noctis* as matter of fact, and his account of a case in the Year Book of Henry VII. goes, to our mind, beyond what the book warrants. But, to return to Shakspeare, there is quite enough to show that he had a considerable knowledge of legal ideas, forms, and phrases, and this not only in the plays, under circumstances more or less appropriate by reason of the speaker or the occasion, but (where one would less expect it) in the Sonnets. Thus we find "Summer's lease hath all too short a date" (18), "fell arrest without all bail" (74), "for term of life thou art assured mine" (92), "mortgaged to thy will . . . the statute of thy beauty" (134), and sometimes a succession of legal metaphors (35); one whole Sonnet (87) is built up on the idea of a charter or patent being revoked by reason of the King having been "deceived in his grant":—

The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.

Hamlet's elaborately technical speech over the lawyer's skull (of which Mr. Heard takes rather slight notice) is dragged in without any apparent dramatic reason; though the learned Schnabelspitz, in his Wittenberg Jubilee edition, accompanied by a very choice translation into the true historical spelling of contemporary North-Midland English, will have it that Shakspeare meant to impress upon James I., by the example of the Prince of Denmark, the importance of sending his sons, like other English gentlemen, to keep their terms at the Inns of Court. Shall we then accept the inference proposed by Lord Campbell and Mr. Heard, that Shakspeare was a lawyer? We think not. So little is positively known of Shakspeare's life that there is no violent external improbability against his having studied the law somewhere at some time. But there is a greater difficulty; if we begin to satisfy professional claims of this kind there is no end to them. By the same method Shakspeare's writings will prove him a bishop, a privy councillor, a soldier, a traveller, an apothecary, a painter, a forester, an artificer, and a husbandman. Even for Shakspeare the year had only three hundred and sixty-five days, and we do know that his life was too short for all this. What Shakspeare's varied knowledge does prove is, in the first place, the unequalled insight and facility with which his genius assimilated every kind of matter that was fit for his purposes. But his technical knowledge of law in particular is (as Mr. Heard himself shows) by no means without parallel examples in other dramatists of the time. Add to this the fact that Shakspeare was a country gentleman with legal business of his own to attend to, and consider that he would not have introduced in acting plays, for the sake of showing off his knowledge to a few, points not likely to be intelligible to the majority of his audience. Then the natural inference (which it would not be difficult to confirm from other sources) is that in the sixteenth century the lay people, and especially landowners, knew a great deal more of the law than they do in the nineteenth. It must be remembered that England, in this respect, now stands alone in Europe. Nowhere else is the law such a mystery. Various causes may be assigned for the different state of things down to Shakspeare's time; among others, there was not only much less law to be known, but it was much less easy for dwellers in the country to command skilled advice. People who could not write to town for counsel's opinion as a matter of course had of necessity to be their own lawyers to some extent. And we fully believe Shakspeare to have been a lawyer, probably a very competent one, to that extent; but not further or otherwise.

FUTURE NAVAL BATTLES, AND HOW TO FIGHT THEM.

IT is said that Lord Dundonald was asked in his extreme old age what he thought of some scheme of national defences which happened to be a popular subject of discussion at the time.

* *Shakspeare as a Lawyer*. By Franklin Fiske Heard. Boston (Mass.): Little, Brown, & Co.

† *A Treatise on Future Naval Battles, and How to Fight Them, and on other Naval Tactical Subjects*. By Admiral Sir George Eliot, K.C.B. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

The veteran declined to consider its merits, but favoured the inquirer with certain views of his own on the degeneracy of the age. He pointed out that in the days of his youth the first thought of this country was how it could attack the enemy, not how it was to defend itself. In Lord Dundonald's opinion the best way to keep the country safe would be to treat the old problem in the old style. If Lord Dundonald had been asked to criticize Admiral Elliot's *Treatise on Naval Battles*, he would probably have said substantially the same thing. There is much in the book which is interesting both to naval officers and to landmen; but, after reading it, the first question it suggests is, What would the admirals of the old school have said to their successor's views? They would assuredly have been sadly puzzled. It is not so much the novelty of the terms used as the author's whole attitude which would have puzzled them. Centre batteries and turrets and iron belts, and rams and crinolines and torpedoes, would doubtless have confused Rodney; but a very little explanation would have enabled him to understand them more or less. What he would never have understood was how a British admiral could write in the tone of Admiral Elliot. The Admiral looks at the problems of future naval war with an obvious, though probably unconscious, tendency to take the defeat of his own country for granted. He does not only believe that our forces may be overmatched in numbers. Nobody in his senses can deny the possibility of that misfortune; but Admiral Elliott tacitly argues on the assumption that we shall be excelled in spirit and in skill. He seems resigned to the prospect that the enemy's attack will always be equally skilful and vigorous, while our defence will be imbecile and cowardly. He is, in fact, inclined to face the future as if the service he belongs to had nothing behind it but a history of fruitless effort and ultimate failure, like the French. A little more, and he would be prepared to argue in the style of the military gentleman in the naval novel of *Singleton Fenteno*, who bored his acquaintances with a map showing how England could be invaded. One of the objects on the map was the British fleet running away. If this dreary despondency is common among naval officers, then a change has come over them since the *Royal Sovereign* cut the line at Trafalgar, compared with which the changes in the construction of their ships are insignificant.

As a matter of fact we are fully assured there has been no such change. Beyond all question of a doubt Admiral Elliot's own scientific fears would vanish like a nightmare if he actually found himself in the presence of a French fleet in the Channel, and, torpedoes or no torpedoes, he would give a very good account of it. Still, we think it a pity that mere croaking should go forth under the authority of a very gallant officer, and a great deal of his book is nothing else. As an instance, we may take his essay on "The Possession of the Suez Canal in Time of War." A large part of this paper is devoted to criticism of a magazine article by Mr. Dunkley, which has long gone the road of all magazine articles, and might well have been spared. Putting that aside, we turn to the Admiral's own views, and quote one of them as an example of his predetermination to look at the worst, and the bad reasoning it produces. He is pointing out the risk of our being overmatched in a war with France, and illustrating his reasoning by maps:—

Map No. 2 shows the strategical position of the French Fleet divided between Cherbourg, Brest, and Toulon, with ten effective battle ships at the two latter ports and five at the former. Also of the English fleet divided between Portsmouth, Portland, and the Mediterranean, with ten effective ships at the two latter ports and five at the former to watch Cherbourg. The two French divisions at Brest and Toulon could unite off the coast of Portugal in order to make a combined attack on the Channel Fleet at Portland—twenty ships against ten! or, counting the Cherbourg and Portsmouth ships, twenty-five against fifteen.

Now this is the sort of logic which makes the long-shore brain go round like a wheel. What is "the Mediterranean"? For the purpose of preventing a junction of the Brest and Toulon fleets, it used to mean a blockading station off Toulon or Gibraltar. Admiral Elliot takes it for granted that it means Malta. Of course, if our Mediterranean fleet is going to lie there while the French squadron is cruising about at its own sweet will, we shall certainly be overmatched, and should be if we outnumbered our enemy by three to one. In that case, however, it might be found necessary to revert to the methods of the eighteenth century, and shoot an admiral to encourage the others. No such vigorous step would be called for, and for the simple reason that the Mediterranean fleet would not be at Malta, but somewhere where it could get between the Toulon and Brest squadrons, and fight one at a time. Admiral Elliot has much to say on technical questions, but we do not propose to deal with them. It is enough to point out that his reasoning is everywhere vitiated by the same hysterical exaggeration. Nothing seems to interest him unless it is an extreme. Probably it is for that reason that he has swallowed the torpedo whole. His book is illustrated by dashing pictures of torpedo-boats tearing through the water in a fiendish way and of ironclads sinking by the stern. They are effective drawings; but, after looking at them, one remembers what Admiral Hobart Pasha, who has seen torpedo-boats at work, has to say about them, and we note that the experiences of Admiral Hornby's squadron are already beginning to discount a good deal of the terrible stories told about them on the strength of the enthusiasm of inventors and the credulity of the worshippers of new things.

RITSON'S ROBIN HOOD.

RITSON'S *Robin Hood*, of which a new edition has been published by Mr. J. C. Nimmo (London, 1885), is no longer on trial. Its praiseworthy but uncontrolled erudition is admitted; and the book will probably be welcome in any form to those who still believe in the Sherwood outlaw and his following. Ostensibly the present is one of those so-called *éditions de luxe* which are now the fashion. It is illustrated by a portrait of Ritson, by nine etchings from paintings by Tourrier and Buckman, and by impressions from the original wood blocks prepared for the first issue of 1795. Against the etchings we have nothing to say—those after Tourrier are good of their kind. But in the name of all Bewick lovers we protest against the statement, freely proclaimed and announced, that the for the most part indifferent woodcuts are by "the celebrated Thomas Bewick." One of them, it is true, bears his initials, and it may be that some of the others are by him. But the majority are well known to be the work of his younger brother John. Indeed, in the *Memoir* of her father, published in 1862, p. 333, Miss Jane Bewick ascribes them wholly to John. This, no doubt, is a mistake; and it would be impossible in the face of his signature to maintain that Thomas did not assist. But it is quite another thing to declare the illustrations to be all his, and to withhold John's name altogether. We lay the more stress upon this, because the not very creditable practice of passing off John Bewick's inferior work (and some of these cuts to Ritson are very inferior work) as that of his more highly gifted brother appears to be gaining ground. To the accompaniment of China paper and wide margins, everything, it seems, will go down. At all events, it is difficult to comprehend what the gentleman at p. 262 in the topboots and hat of 1790 or thereabouts, with furniture and a lady in feathers to match, can possibly have to do with any recorded "lytell geste" of Robin Hood. Perhaps it is a little jest of Mr. J. C. Nimmo! If so, we trust it will be appreciated at its proper value by the five hundred subscribers in England and America.

HANDBOOK OF GENERAL THERAPEUTICS.*

THE first translated volume of the seven promised of Von Ziemssen's *Handbook of General Therapeutics* contains, in addition to an introduction from the editor, a series of essays on the dietary of the sick and dietetic methods of treatment by Professor J. Bauer, and concludes with one on the koumiss cure by Dr. Starge. The greater portion of the work is monopolized by Professor Bauer, who, after a *résumé* of the history of the subject, and a disquisition on the prevalent theories of metabolism, discusses the value of food stuffs at some length in their chemical composition and relative bearing to the constituents of the body. Following on this is a very valuable article on the important question of the digestion of food and its utilization as nutriment, which is closely coupled with the latest researches in physiology. The issue of this work in the midst of the existing crusade against over-eating and over-drinking is opportune in suggesting prominently the many difficulties that beset the final settlement of this much-debated question.

It seems obvious to us that to a very great extent the common sense with which each individual is endowed is the best adjudicator between supply and demand. A sweeping assertion of general intemperance is as difficult to disprove as is the statement easy to make. Probably it does contain many germs of truth, for it must be acknowledged that each individual is not only guided as to the amount of his ingesta by the ordinary sensations of hunger, but also very strongly by habit, and by the numberless variations of his life and daily work. If then, in health, with irregular demands, the conditions become thus complex, how much more so are they in disease, where the problem to be solved is not only how to administer an efficient diet, but also how to ensure its utilization by the organism. Moreover, the difficulty of introducing scientific rules into practice is much increased by the differences of individual idiosyncrasy, and by the influences brought to bear on assimilation by the nervous system. In spite, however, of any considerations based on the inherent difficulty of any purely theoretical treatment, the work is a welcome addition to our knowledge; for we find here the results gained by empiricism in great measure accounted for by systematic reasoning based on experiment.

We cannot praise too highly the moderation with which Professor Bauer's deductions are drawn, both from his own observations and from those of others. Undoubtedly the most important subject discussed is that of metabolism—that is, the power possessed by living cells of modifying the composition of materials that are brought into contact with them. The opinion formerly held, that the activity of the metabolic processes was dependent on the amount of oxygen respired, was first formulated by Liebig, who founded his hypothesis on the composition of the body, and thus ascribed to the albuminates the principal rôle in nutrition:—

He further recognized in the processes of metabolism the only source of the functional activity of the organs, and assumed that the exercise of the same involved the consumption of a corresponding portion of the proteids out of which they were built. According to this theory, the albuminoid constituents of the food were applied solely to the repair of the organs

* *Handbook of General Therapeutics*. In 7 vols. Vol. I. By Professor H. von Ziemssen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1885.

used up in work, whence they were distinguished as the plastic elements of the food, in opposition to the fats and carbo-hydrates which, supposed to serve merely for the evolution of heat, were on that account called the respiratory elements. Consequently the albuminates were considered exclusively the nutritive substances, and a nutritious diet and one rich in albumen became convertible terms.

According to this doctrine, the non-nitrogenous bodies, being more easily combustible, combine with the oxygen, and thus protect the albumen from its action. Professor Bauer objects to this explanation—

that the fat as a respiratory food arrests the oxygen, and by so doing reduces the expenditure of the albumen; for the addition of fat to the food induces a lessened consumption of fat in the body, and with an exclusive administration of fat there is less of this aliment metabolized and less oxygen fired than in fasting. Besides, in some circumstances the whole of the albumen in the food is metabolized in the body, and the fat is applied to increase of body weight, whence it appears that fat is broken up into simpler combinations with more difficulty than albumen, and is not the same easily combustible body in the organism that it is outside. The fact, too, that in an exclusively fat diet the loss of fat from the body ceases entirely, and in some circumstances fat may even be taken up while the albuminous metabolism is not appreciably affected thereby, points in the same direction.

The present theory that fat may originate in the decomposition of albumen is founded on the physiological experiments of Voit and Pettenkofer, as well as by chemical and toxicological observation, and is so strongly supported as hardly to admit of argument. Minutely observed, the following processes take place:—The albumenized materials taken in with the food, and circulating with the fluids of the body, as far as they are not directly employed in the repair of the albuminous tissue elements, become transformed into organized albumen. In consequence of the chemical changes that take place in the cells, there is a decomposition, firstly, into nitrogenized derivatives, which, further decomposed and oxidized, are at length as urea and uric acid eliminated through the skin and kidneys; secondly, into non-nitrogenized substances, which in certain circumstances similarly undergo oxidation and decomposition into the simple chemical products of carbonic acid and water. Under other circumstances they furnish the principal material for fat. It is clear, therefore, that the ultimate fate of the circulating albumen very materially influences the production of a corpulent habit. This is primarily decided by the relative quantities of the other components of the diet; for, as the tendency of the fats and carbo-hydrates to split up is greater than that of the circulating albumen, so is the deposition of organized albumen favoured, whilst the complete oxidation of the non-nitrogenized portion of the circulating albumen is equally retarded, and thus deposited in the tissues as fat. Excluding, then, the well-recognized production of fat from the ingesta of large quantities of non-nitrogenous aliments, the influence that the albuminous constituents bear in a similar relation may be summarized thus—in a diminution of the trophic and plastic energy of the cellular elements, diminution of the red-blood corpuscles, or oxygen carriers, and diminution of the process of oxidation in consequence of the scanty introduction of oxygen.

The above conclusions are well substantiated in the proneness of the female sex to the accumulation of fat. It is well established in the minds of the non-medical public that corpulence in women is so natural as to be accepted without further question, whereas in men it generally points to some intemperance; nor is this popular judgment very far from the truth, although of course the rule is subject to numerous exceptions. The appended quotation admirably expresses Professor Bauer's views on the connexion of the preceding theory to the dietetic treatment of obesity.

When a large proportion of albuminates is taken with the food the nitrogenous metabolism is accelerated, since more circulating albumen is brought into mutual relation with the cellular tissues. If together with the albumen a certain quantity of fat and carbo-hydrates enter the circulation, less albumen is metabolized, and the fat stored up in the body produces a like effect.

The lessening of albuminous metabolism in the presence of fat is not to be explained by the fat having a greater affinity for the oxygen in the body, but rather that under the influence of the fat a larger proportion of the circulating albumen is transferred into organic.

When, then, a highly albuminous diet is administered to an organism which has stored up much fat, a certain quantity of the albumen is withdrawn from the conditions of metabolism and is laid up as organic albumen. But since the ability of the cellular elements to metabolize matter is not exhausted by the quantity of circulating albumen still present, a portion of the fat of the body itself is subjected to metabolism. These successive deductions are made from the fat stored up in the body, and the increase of the organic albumen becomes constantly less until it ceases altogether, while albuminous metabolism increases at a corresponding rate.

It may indeed happen that after the greater part of the fat in the tissues has been consumed, the albumen of the food no longer suffices to prevent the loss of albumen by the body, so that ultimately large quantities of even the organized albumen may undergo metabolism.

The practical value of this proposition is well illustrated by the dangers arising from a too rigid system of dietetics, such as the strict Banting system.

In regard to the value of alcohol as a food Professor Bauer expresses his opinion:—

That the favourable effects of the administration of alcoholic drinks in many diseases are satisfactorily explained if we regard them solely as excitants and stimulants, those especially which contain no appreciable constituents other than alcohol and water, and estimate their nutritive properties as insignificant.

Further he explains his physiological views:—

Alcohol is to a small extent eliminated, unchanged, by the skin and lungs as well as by the kidneys. The greater part is however transformed into carbonic acid and water. The increase of albumen suffers thereby no appreciable

change; that of fat on the other hand is reduced by small quantities of alcohol, whilst by very large doses it is increased, at any rate on animals. Alcohol also, in consequence of its metabolism and of its fat-sparing action, behaves in the character of a food.

The great importance attaching to alcoholic drinks is however in no way dependent on any value they may possess as foods; they stand in the first rank of stimulants and luxuries, and as such are wellnigh indispensable, especially in many forms of disease.

The sentiment expressed here as to the negative value of alcohol as a food is substantially opposed to the one now accepted in this country, and it is much to be regretted that the question is treated not only in a cursory manner, but that the statement is unsupported by any fresh experimental evidence. The manner in which alcohol is eliminated has been keenly debated in the past, forming as it does the crucial point of the question in dispute. Liebig classified alcohol as a definite food of the combustible type, ranking it as a heat-forming aliment, in consequence of its chemical action with oxygen. This theory was combated by Dr. E. Smith and M. Lallemand, who stated that, according to their researches, alcohol was not in any sense a food, that it was neither transformed nor destroyed within the organism, but reappeared in the excretions pure and simple. The correctness of this opinion was severely tested by M. Basdor and re-investigated experimentally by the late Dr. Anstie, with the result that the proofs advanced were considered inconclusive, and that evidence existed rendering such elimination most improbable. Experience has shown beyond any question that a by no means inconsiderable number of persons have maintained their bodily vigour on the consumption of alcohol, with the addition of only a very small quantity of water, for a lengthy period, and in acute disease alcohol has not only supported life, but has even maintained the bulk of the body during many days of abstinence from other foods. It seems, therefore, needless to further doubt the alimentary character of alcohol. It is the more difficult to understand the opinion of Professor Bauer in that his views with regard to the elimination of alcohol are in great measure identical with those who hold alcohol to be not only a stimulant and excitant, but also an alimentary principle.

Again, it is satisfactory to find that the present teaching of the British medical schools with regard to the dietetic treatment of pyrexia will in no material way demand revision on account of the views advanced by Professor Bauer; but, indeed, the theoretical investigation of pyrexia is scarcely far enough advanced to be of much aid in checking the results gained by experience. We seem to stand on firmer ground when we approach the important question of a scientific scheme of diet for soldiers, sailors, and those whose diet is no longer under their own control, and the earlier portion of the work cannot be other than invaluable to those responsible for their charge, for it is clear that deductions relating to supply and demand in health are much more to be trusted than those which are concerned with supply and demand in disease.

The translation has been most conscientiously carried out by Dr. E. F. Willoughby. Regret may be expressed at the very literal manner in which he has performed his task, as some passages, notably in the theoretical portion of the work, leave the reader in some ambiguity, which is only cleared up on more careful perusal. A re-arrangement into more readable English would still further add to the obligations already due to the translator.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON.*

MR. HUTTON has compiled a book which is so obviously what we all constantly want, that it seems odd and hard to believe that he has not been forestalled long ago. True, places of literary association are noted incidentally in ordinary handbooks, but this is the first work in which a systematic attempt has been made to trace the residences of English literary worthies in London. Mr. Hutton has attained a great measure of completeness in his task, and it would be difficult to name any author of importance who has been omitted. Mr. Hutton has been greatly exercised by the constant re-numbering which London streets have undergone, and especially by that form of municipal fatuity which has of late years led the authorities to use odd numbers only on one side of a street, and even on the other; an aberration which causes nothing but inconvenience, and provokes more bad language on the part of strangers, cabmen, and archaeologists than perhaps any other arrangement of the kind that can be mentioned, not even excepting the funny Parisian custom of re-naming the principal thoroughfares every few years. It is already difficult to tell which was Sheridan's house in Savile Row—Mr. Hutton, by the way, mis-spells it "Saville"—and there has long been a friendly rivalry on the subject between No. 15 and No. 17. Mr. Hutton is mistaken in supposing that the Savile Club ever occupied No. 17. As to No. 15 there is no authority for the curious story as to the scratching of Sheridan's pen having ever been heard in "a certain upper back room in this house." The identity of 41 Old Bond Street, where Sterne died in 1768, is by no means sure. The uncertainty as to Lord Beaconsfield's birthplace has never been cleared up. Mr. Hutton quotes authorities to prove that he was born at Islington in a house in Trinity Row, now numbered 215 Upper Street. A still more puzzling example is afforded by the East Hampstead home of John Keats. In his time it was Wentworth Place, and was long supposed to have utterly disappeared, but it has lately been

* *Literary Landmarks of London.* By Laurence Hutton. London: Fisher Unwin. 1885.

identified as Lawn Bank. Traditional evidence is proverbially bad, yet in many cases Mr. Hutton has had little else to go by. And we can only congratulate him on the moderate and undogmatic manner in which he has stated doubtful conclusions.

There is hardly anything more interesting in its way than to go through the London streets and try to realize their appearance at the time of any particular eminent inhabitant. Sometimes the task is too difficult, as, for example, when we remember that John Bunyan lived for a time and died on Snow Hill, at the house of his friend Mr. Strudwick, the grocer. The house was probably removed when Skinner Street was built in 1802, and Mr. Hutton is no doubt right in supposing that it was directly under the eastern pier of Holborn Viaduct. The changes which this region has undergone cannot possibly be realized by any one who only knows it now. Two hundred years ago there was the steep hill down from Holborn Bars to the bridge over the Fleet. Across the bridge the hill was ascended by a narrow and winding lane, which, leading up past St. Sepulchre's Church, brought the wayfarer to the low archway of Newgate and the gloomy entrance of the City. Take another example. When Milton lived in Petty France the house opened into St. James's Park, and was surrounded by gardens. York Street, into which it was afterwards numbered, had not been built; but close by there was a dense village of low-gabled houses, some of which still remain, and which marked the line of one of the most ancient thoroughfares in London. Tothill Fields is now pretty evenly divided between squalor and magnificence. There is not much left to remind us of Milton's day in Victoria Street, in St. James's Park Station on the Underground Railway, or in the hideous elevation of Queen Anne's Mansions. When, not much more than a hundred years ago, Edward Gibbon took the house in Bentinck Street, in which he wrote the greater part of the *Decline and Fall*, it stood almost in the country, and was as far west as any one could live. Beyond it the little river, sometimes called the Tybourne, sometimes the Mary-bourne, wound through green fields towards the bridge in Oxford Street; and a little further west the straight line of the Edgware Road approached the Hyde Park turnpike between two farmyards, while the scenery was diversified with an occasional gibbet and a highwayman hanging in chains. When Dickens inhabited the same district in 1870, he speaks of living opposite the Marble Arch in a charming house, where he had a large room "with three fine windows overlooking the Park, unsurpassable for airiness and cheerfulness." Mr. Hutton speaks of Chesterfield House as "still standing in 1885, although its gardens have been built upon, and are shorn of their fair proportions." This is hardly a sufficient description of the recent alterations, which were unfortunately far more extensive than Mr. Hutton's words would imply. Similarly he is certainly mistaken in supposing that the house in which Byron was born in Holles Street remains unchanged. Macaulay's residence at Kensington is still called Holly Lodge, not Airlie Lodge, as Mr. Hutton seems to think. Another interesting Kensington house is, however, most accurately described:—

Newton died in what was then known as Pitt's Buildings, Kensington, on the south-east side of Campden Hill. His house, afterwards called Orbell's Buildings, was for a time known as Newton House. In 1885 it was at the north end of Ballingham House, and formed a portion of Kensington College, the entrance to which was at No. 15 Pitt Street. The gardens and the house were intact. A rear entrance next to the old George Tavern, Church Street, near Campden Grove, and in the stable-yards to the inn, has but lately been closed.

From this brief quotation it will be seen how carefully Mr. Hutton has examined the localities in which he is interested; and we have not often caught him tripping, except in one rather important particular. He naturally makes considerable use of quotations; but in two or three instances, although there is a great show of accuracy, he has not been at the pains to compare his extracts with the originals. For instance, he tells us that Chelsea Church is "not very much hurt by visitors"—where, no doubt, by "visitors," "restorers" is meant. Again, there is a quotation from James Smith, who dined in 1839 with E. L. Bulwer, "at his new residence on Charles Street, Berkeley Square." It is hardly credible that Smith wrote "on" for "in," although Mr. Hutton often uses this well-known Yankee form himself.

The book is admirably arranged, the authors' names being placed in alphabetical order. It commences with Joseph Addison, and ends with Edward Young. Of Young, by the way, there is not much to record. He "had almost no association with London, except in his marriage at the church of St. Mary-at-Hill, in Bow Lane, East Cheap, May 27, 1731." Bow Lane in this sentence ought to be Love Lane. The St. Mary's in Bow Lane is St. Mary Aldermary, and stands, not in East but West Cheap. It is said that the death of Mrs. Young, nine years later, was the proximate cause of the composition of the famous *Night Thoughts*. Mr. Hutton has had many difficulties to contend with. We have noticed the confusion caused by re-numbering and re-naming. Besides this, in many instances entire streets have been swept away. It is easier to-day, as Mr. Hutton observes, to discover the house of a man who died two hundred years ago, before streets were numbered at all, than to identify the houses of men who have died within a few years. Dryden, for instance, was living in 1686 on the north side of Long Acre, over against Rose Street. The house is easily found; but the house in which Carlyle died has already, most needlessly and stupidly, had its number altered, and is now 24 Great Cheyne Row. It often happens, also, by some strange fatality that an interesting

house has been removed or "restored" out of knowledge, while adjacent old buildings about which no tradition or association lingers are left intact. Thus Drayton's house in Fleet Street, near St. Dunstan's Church, has been altered beyond recognition, while the two houses next door remain as they were in his day. So, too, among a multitude of old-fashioned inns which stand in Edmon-ton, as they stood long before Lamb and Cowper, the "Bell" which they immortalized has been rebuilt again and again. Among the more absurd changes is that which has befallen the once famous Grub Street. Here, it is said, John Fox, or Foxe, the martyrologist, was living when he published the *Acts and Monuments*. "It lies between Fore Street and Chiswell Street, and has now been called Milton Street, in honour of the author who emphatically had no connexion or association with the original Grub Street or its literature." The house in which Hood was born in the Poultry has been taken down; and so has No. 7 Little Queen Street, where, in 1796, was enacted the awful tragedy which clouded and saddened the lives of Charles and Mary Lamb. A church is on the site, but Mr. Hutton notices that behind it a tree is still standing in what had once been the back garden. It would be easy to prolong these notes and extracts. To any one who is interested in the history of literature, to any one who is interested in old London—and the two classes comprise almost all the reading public—Mr. Hutton's book will be a delightful boon; could we say it is carefully printed, our praise might be almost unqualified. There are two indexes; the first of persons, in which not only the celebrities noticed but the authors quoted are named; and the second of places. Altogether this is a book of which literary America may be proud, and literary London ashamed. Mr. Hutton has done for us what we have never done for ourselves.

MISS SHIRREFF ON THE KINDERGARTEN.*

ON a former occasion we called attention to Miss Shirreff's book on the *Kindergarten at Home*, published in the "Teachers' Library" series. The object of that book was to show, in as simple and at the same time as systematic a form as possible, the way in which Fröbel's methods, now so largely adopted in England and abroad, may be applied in the home education of children. The two lectures now before us do not enter into the details of Fröbel's system, and are rather intended to awaken the interest of the educated classes in a question of the greatest importance, and to call attention to the fact that, however well the child may be trained outside the home, it is necessary that the principles which govern the outside training should not be thwarted by parental negligence indoors. Fröbel's theory has been amply justified by experience. It is, after all, simply common sense applied to education; and perhaps its very simplicity is one reason why it has not been more widely received. The fundamental principle of it is that the natural instincts of childhood—the curiosity, the faculty of attention and observation, the desire to play, the need of sympathy, the sense of dependence, and all that gradually dawns on the opening mind of a child—can be so trained and harmonized that the best and most solid foundation is laid for future and more advanced education. Were Fröbel's system carried out, a child of five or six years old, at which age what is called the education of the children of the well-to-do classes generally begins, would come to its teacher with much knowledge easily and pleasantly learnt. The central idea of Fröbel's system is that the child in its earliest years should find its happiness and amusement in doing, with proper guidance and on a well-considered system, what it would otherwise do naturally. And the best proof of the soundness of the system is that the children like it. They do not feel it to be "school." And yet there is no want of methodical training in the Kindergarten method. Many people, indeed, unused to think about educational affairs, might easily fancy that there was a great deal too much of system and regulation in the matter. But when we find very young children happy at such schooling and liking their tasks, we have the best evidence that the method pursued is the right one. We wish the Board Schools had in this respect as good a record as the "Kindergarten."

In Miss Shirreff's two lectures she has treated the subject from the general and wide point of view, referring her readers to the former work of her own and to other sources of information for fuller details. That the training of the child should be complete—on the physical, moral, intellectual, and social sides alike—is a point strongly insisted on, and also that all of these phases of education can be attended to at an early beginning of the child's life. The evils of taking one or two sides only of education as sufficient for the development of the human being are well pointed out; and the vital importance of dealing with children before those habits are formed which future education has simply to undo is not too strongly insisted on. The general and harmonious development of the human being, begun at a far earlier age than that which former students of the theory of education had thought to be feasible, was one of the main thoughts of Fröbel. How much can be done in many ways in this direction can be gathered from Miss Shirreff's account, or from the narratives of what has been achieved by the various societies and institutions which have been working in many countries on the lines laid

* *Home Education in Relation to the Kindergarten. Two Lectures.* By Miss Shirreff. London: Chapman & Hall.

down by Fröbel. Both of Miss Shirreff's recent books—*The Kindergarten at Home* and *Home Education in Relation to the Kindergarten*—deserve to be recommended to all who are interested in education, the more so as no public system, however perfect, can possibly dispense with the aid of home influence. Miss Shirreff has admirably condensed into a small space the main features of a subject which we hope she may soon treat at greater length.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

RICHARD LEPSIUS (1) undoubtedly merits a biographical memorial, and it is fortunate for his fame that the task should have devolved on a man of letters not untinctured with Egyptology. The Egyptian specialist might hardly have achieved a readable book, and a biographer wholly unversed in the subject must have failed to bring out the full significance of Lepsius's career. Herr Ebers occupies the happy mean, knowing enough of Egyptian to avoid stumbling and commanding a German style the reverse of hieroglyphical. His judgment accordingly ensures confidence, while the matter of his book is lively and attractive. Lepsius was a man of the world as well as a scholar, and associated with men who, like Bunsen, have even more simply deserved this character. Herr Ebers sketches his relations to his exalted patrons with a graceful touch, and at the same time makes us fully see on what a solid foundation of desert his Court favour was based. He does not commit the mistake of claiming too much. He expressly denies his hero any pretension to genius, but points out that the achievements of his enormous talent and his systematic industry were even the more remarkable on that account. Two of Lepsius's many claims to high rank as an Egyptologist stand forth with especial prominence—his persevering study of the Book of the Dead, by means of which he was enabled to construct a coherent scheme of Egyptian mythology; and his memorable exploration of the Valley of the Nile, in which he was the first to employ the method of copying inscriptions by "squeeze," which has had such excellent results. Another brilliant episode was his study and rapid mastery of the Nubian languages, resulting in his last great work. He seems to have been accused of want of feeling, a charge from which Herr Ebers vigorously defends him, and which can hardly have been true of the man who on his deathbed suppressed a controversial tract, "unwilling to terminate his literary career with a dissonance."

Herr Wilhelm Petersen (2) made an expedition to Transcaucasia as a naturalist employed by the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg. Of the scientific results of his mission we learn nothing, except from the remark that the flora and fauna of the region belong rather to the Central European than to the Mediterranean type. It has afforded him, however, material for some very pleasant letters describing the incidents of his journey and the population of the country. The Armenians form much the most important element; they are, he says, an excellent people to have dealings with, except where money matters are in question; but are entirely devoted to material interests, and never have produced or will produce a poet, an artist, or a man of science. One ideal trait they do possess—a yearning for their old monarchy, and a confident expectation of its restoration. The Georgians share the same feeling, which, in the event of any grave shock to the Russian Empire, might have important consequences. So great is the activity of the Armenians that 45 per cent. of the population of Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, belongs to their race. Tiflis is a miniature Moscow, motley and full of colour; but its prosperity has declined since the conclusion of the Turkish war, by which it was greatly enriched. Batoum is a promising seaport with a promising future; but Poti is a miserable place, and the expenditure of the Russian Government upon it will be thrown away.

A Russian has put together a number of facts respecting Nihilism and Nihilists (3), which he rightly deems will be interesting to foreign readers. With more pains and method M. Kupczanko's book might have been a manual of the subject; as it is, it can only be regarded as a collection of notes of unequal value, very loosely put together, but affording some data of real interest. Lists, for example, will be found of the more remarkable crimes committed by Nihilists, of the public executions which have taken place of late years, of the Nihilists who have escaped from Siberia or died in exile, of the principal Nihilistic journals and brochures published out of Russia. There are several other chapters of a less pronounced statistical character, such as biographies of Sophia Perowskaja and Bogdanowitsch, the highly interesting narrative of a Nihilist exile to Siberia, an account of the fruitless attempts to stir up an agrarian revolt among the peasants, and of the parties into which Nihilists themselves are divided. The author's sympathies seem to be rather with the revolutionary party; but his work will serve to correct some false impressions entertained to the disadvantage of the authorities. Considering the immense extent and the avowed objects of the conspiracy, the number of executions seems small, and the lenity of the Government to individual offenders very remarkable.

Dr. Keller's work on the precursors of Luther (4) is a remarkably well-written and interesting disquisition on the Reform tendencies of Germany before the great Reformer. He discusses in particular the sects with mystical tendencies, most typically represented by Eckhart, and affiliated by a community of feeling, if not directly, to the Vaudois and similar churches and secret societies. Such developments are almost inevitable among Germanic nations, and though discouraged by Luther almost as much as by the Church, they are, as Dr. Keller points out, active in our day, and materially influential in the religious thought of Germany.

Dr. W. Schwartz's theories on the popular mythology of the Indo-Germanic races are apt to be fanciful (5). He connects the myth of the ash Yggdrasil, for instance, with an imaginary parallel between the progress of day and the growth of a great tree; and thinks that the superstition of the evil eye represents the dread with which uncivilized man beheld the leaping forth of the lightning. There are, nevertheless, much curious learning and acute suggestion in his book, and he is much more inclined to Mr. Spencer's and Mr. Tylor's theories of the origin of popular superstitions than to the theory of the solar myth. Perhaps he is too much disposed to insist upon the dictum, *Primus in orbe deos fecit timor*, to the exclusion of other essential factors.

The late Ernest Bratuscheck (6), known as the editor of Böckh's philosophical and minor writings, has bequeathed an acceptable legacy in his tract on the education of Frederick the Great. The Prussian Alexander may in a sense be said to have been educated by a German Aristotle, for his education was mainly after the pattern prescribed by Leibnitz for his father, which the indulgence of the latter's parents prevented from being efficiently carried out. Frederick the Great had no reason to complain of excessive indulgence, and the misfortunes of his youth seem in no respect chargeable upon his instructors or their system, but rather upon the perversity and narrow-mindedness of his father, who regarded a taste for literature as a mark of effeminacy, and was ready to behead his son for believing in predestination. We can by no means share Dr. Bratuscheck's belief in Frederick's sincerity and contrition, and should rather consider that the dissimulation to which he was compelled to resort prepared the way for the Machiavellian duplicity with which his reign is justly chargeable.

F. Lotheissen's contributions to the history of French morals and manners (7) are merely reprints of magazine articles, embodying a portion of the substance, rather than analysing the spirit, of popular or recently edited French memoirs. Though not above the level of ordinary magazine-writing, the essays are in general light and lively, and give a fair idea of the books under notice, unless when, as in the case of Saint-Simon's Memoirs, the subject is too extensive for Herr Lotheissen's canvas. Among the best are the account of the extinction of the Grignans, Mme. de Sévigné's descendants, the chapter on Grimm's correspondence, the elaborate study of the amateur dramatic performances of the eighteenth century, and the biography of the fair Greek who became the mother of the brothers Chénier.

The greater portion of the poems (8) addressed by Körner, the patriot poet of the German War of Liberation, to his betrothed, Antoine Adamberger, have not until now seen the light. The reason appears to have been the aversion of Körner's mother to his chosen bride, a pretty actress, who after his death married the Austrian State Counsellor Von Arneth. This cause having ceased to operate, the poems have been completely edited by Herr Friedrich Laterdorf. They were composed in 1811 and 1812, and enhance the author's reputation in so far as they still further illustrate his remarkable productiveness. Except as regards his Tyrtæan effusions, this is the strongest side of his talent. It may well be believed that something remarkable would eventually have proceeded from so vigorous and affluent a nature, though, like Schiller at the same age, he had produced nothing of first-rate excellence, his martial songs excepted, at the time of his death. The pieces now published are neither better nor worse than the generality of his poems.

The last published parts of Niemeyer's excellent series of reprints of old German books (9) are reproductions of the first edition of "Eulenspiegel" and of the only complete edition of "Schelmuffsky." The first is generally known; the authorship of the second has been only lately ascertained. It is by Christian Reuter, a student of the University of Leipzig, whose satiric vein, evinced in "Schelmuffsky" and sundry comedies published under the name of Hilarius, eventually procured his expulsion from that seat of learning.

(4) *Die Reformation und die älteren Reformparteien*. In ihrem Zusammenhang dargestellt von Dr. L. Keller. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

(5) *Indogermanischer Volksglaube*. Ein Beitrag zur Religionsgeschichte der Urzeit. Von Dr. W. Schwartz. Berlin: Seehegen. London: Nutt.

(6) *Die Erziehung Friedrichs des Grossen*. Aus dem Nachlass von Ernst Bratuscheck. Mit einem Vorwort von Prof. E. Mütznier. Berlin: Reimer. London: Nutt.

(7) *Zur Sittengeschichte Frankreichs: Bilder und Historien*. Von Ferdinand Lotheissen. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolckmann.

(8) *Aus Theodor Körners Nachlass: Liebes- und Liebesgrüsse an Antoine Adamberger*. Herausgegeben von F. Laterdorf. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Nutt.

(9) *Neudrucke deutscher Literaturwerke: Till Eulenspiegel Schelmuffsky*. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt.

(1) *Richard Lepsius: ein Lebensbild*. Von Georg Ebers. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Kolckmann.

(2) *Aus Transkaukasien und Armenien*. Reisebriefe. Von W. Petersen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

(3) *Der russische Nihilismus*. Von Gregor Kupczanko. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

A history of Russian literature, by A. von Reinholdt (10), belongs to the excellent series of abridged literary histories published by Friedrich, and promises to be one of the most valuable among them. Being published in parts, the first portion is necessarily occupied with the rudimentary beginnings of Russian literature, chiefly in the form of mythological legend and popular song. These, however, are by no means the least interesting, both from their picturesqueness and their relation to the subject of folk-lore in general. A brief historical sketch of the language is prefixed, with a view of the foreign influences by which it has been modified at various periods.

It is not perfectly clear to us how any one can write of "the last Jew" (11) except by the spirit of prophecy, and Herr Edler's romance is historical. The title would have been intelligible enough if it had run "The Last Days of Jerusalem," for, beginning under Claudius, it ends with the imaginary penitence of Berenice, who, after the death of Titus, is absolved, without being received into the Church, by a Jewish Christian priest. The book is over-weighted with description, but is well written, and is not a bad specimen of the archeological revivals which Ebers and George Taylor have brought into fashion. There seems, however, little of the genuine need for expression, which compelled these authors, in their earlier and fresher works, to embody their conceptions of a society with which they had thoroughly identified themselves.

Serapis (12) is not the least interesting of Herr Ebers's fictions, although the comparison which it provokes with *Hyppatia* is not to its advantage. In comparison with Kingsley the life of the novel seems languid and its colouring faint; while, at the same time, it reposes upon a much sounder basis of knowledge and is more just to the expiring religion and civilization of the fourth century than could be expected of Kingsley. The subject is the final overthrow of the worship and temple of Serapis at Alexandria, a revolution as great as the demolition of St. Peter's and the diestablishment of the Pope. The various parties concerned in it are very impartially depicted; perhaps a stronger feeling of sympathy, or the reverse, would have imparted more spirit to the book. The most striking scene is that in which a Christian suppliant is repulsed by the Bishop of Alexandria because she is an Arian.

The young lady who writes under the name of Ossip Schubin has now acquired an established and well-merited reputation as a novelist. Her new fiction in the *Rundschau* (13), "Gloria Victis," opens with much promise, and is especially remarkable for a portrait of a financial grandee, of the genus which American ready wit has labelled with the designation "gold-bug." The scene is, so far, in Paris. "Corporal Sylvester," from the Italian of Salvatore Farina, is a very pretty story. An anonymous member of the British Parliament, understood to be Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, contributes a review of the Reform Bill of 1832, considered mainly as the prelude to subsequent constitutional changes. The article contains little of novelty to English readers, but will be useful on the Continent. Herr Güssfeldt concludes his narrative of Chilian mountain exploration with a description of his unsuccessful attempt to attain the summit of Aconcagua. Professor Hüffer contributes an account of the original MS. of Heine's *Romantic School*, which was considerably toned down before publication. In the eighth number "Gloria Victis" is continued, and "Corporal Sylvester" concluded, but the most interesting contribution is from the pen of Lady Blennerhassett, an account of the projects of social reform, by which far-seeking French thinkers, from Fénelon downwards, strove to avert the catastrophe of revolution, and which for a brief moment seemed about to be carried into effect under the brief administration of Turgot. Abandoned by the Court, Turgot's efforts came to nothing; and, as Lady Blennerhassett expresses it, the last of the Sibyl's books was burned. Another valuable paper is an account of the first volume of the memoirs of Koscheleff, a Russian official of the days of the Emperor Nicholas, who, having made a fortune by agriculture and farming the taxes, laboured, as far as prudence allowed, for the emancipation of the serfs and helped to start the Panslavonic movement. He speaks strongly of the stagnation of the latter years of Nicholas's reign, and declares that the Russian people were thankful for the defeats of the Crimean War, which at all events administered a shock to a lethargy which had become intolerable.

In the June number Ossip Schubin's romance is continued, and traces the oft-told tale of the ruin which awaits an amiable, careless spendthrift. Ernst von Wildenbruch's "Tale of Two Roses" is an imitation of Andersen's manner, pretty, but too long. "Hungarian Society" depicts the war of races and creeds in Hungary, which would seem to be increasing in virulence, and sketches the leading politicians, especially the ex-premier Andrássy, whose Sulla-like abdication of power at the height of prosperity renders him unique among modern politicians, and of his successor, the much-enduring Tisza, the Atlas of the State.

(10) *Geschichte der russischen Literatur von ihren Anfängen bis auf die neueste Zeit*. Von Alexander von Reinholdt. Lief. I. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Der letzte Jude: Roman*. Von K. E. Edlen. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolckmann.

(12) *Serapis: historischer Roman*. Von Georg Ebers. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. London: Kolckmann.

(13) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. xl. Hft. 7, 8, 9. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

There is also an account of Fritz Reuter's youthful University scrapes and consequent imprisonment, and of the concluding portion of the memoir of Koscheleff, whose existence closed in bitter disappointment at the anti-Liberal reaction in Russia.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Count de Barral's *Histoire diplomatique de l'Europe* (1) is a work difficult to judge in a short space. His first part, which attempted to cover the period from the peace of Westphalia to the outbreak of the revolutionary war in one volume, perhaps tried at too much in too little; and the first volume of his second part, which covers five years only, perhaps may seem to try at too little in too much. There is, moreover, always the objection that it is difficult, or rather impossible, to separate purely diplomatic matters from others. Still, experienced diplomatic knowledge has hitherto been too little represented both in histories and in historians, and M. de Barral's book deserves rather welcome than cavil. We note one curious fact in it. In 1795 the French claimed and were allowed by Spain the right of selling English prizes in Spanish ports, though neutral, on the ground that the treaty of 1761 gave the French flag all the advantages in Spanish waters that Spaniards possessed, and *vice versa*. From this argument it would apparently follow that a French cruiser might seize an English ship in a Spanish port; at least the two claims are on all fours.

Even the first volume of M. Roches's book (2) made it somewhat doubtful whether he would satisfactorily utilize the almost unique advantages which his position in reference to Abd-el-Kader gave him, and the second adds to the dubiety. M. Roches has to tell in it of a mission to Mecca—surely an interesting thing—and to discuss Bugeaud's campaigns. He does both, but by no means in a wholly satisfactory manner. There are too many insignificant details and documents, too much space for little matter, too many digressions, and too much *moi*. In its present state M. Roches's book, which does not seem to be nearly finished, suggests that when it is finished somebody may make an excellent boiling down of it in a single volume. But that is hardly the goal at which a writer should, or we suppose does, aim.

The most admirable social criticism which the late M. Blanqui ever pronounced was without doubt his description of a certain talent; indeed, nobody who knew him ever doubted Blanqui's talent, though it was a talent very much off the rails. The two volumes of remains which have now been published are very well worth turning over. They are for the most part (even the first, which purports to contain a regular treatise on Capital and Labour) mere jottings, thoughts on all sorts of occasions, sermon-fragments on all sorts of texts. On political and economical subjects Blanqui was no doubt very far from sane. But it was a kind of north-north-west madness, a limited insanity which comported with a great deal of acuteness.

M. de Montluc was consul-general of Mexico in France between 1861 and 1863, as well as later in 1880, the year of his death. The volume of annotated letters between himself and President Juárez (4) which, with appendices, has been published by M. Léon de Montluc, is of course not exactly an impartial history of the too-celebrated Jecker bonds and the ill-considered intervention in Mexican affairs which brought death to the Emperor Maximilian and disgrace to France. But it is very well informed, amply supported by documents, and constitutes on the whole what may be called an important appendix to the history of its period.

A volume of "Théâtre de Salon" is, except for persons with a good deal of technical experience, not easy to judge till the pieces have been tried, for it necessarily does not aim at being literature, and it aims only at being a peculiar kind of drama. We are inclined, however, to think well of M. Leroy de la Brière's volume (5), which, by the way, contains music as well as words. Most of the pieces are of the *proverbe* or the *féerie* kind, adjusted to the particular purpose of the book.

Why Paris should have chosen to ask for a third edition of M. Albalat's essay on M. A. Daudet's treatment of love (6) we have not the least idea. It is, no doubt, very agreeable to M. Albalat and very complimentary to M. Daudet that it has done so.

M. Monselet's *Petits mémoires littéraires* (7) is a book not to criticize, but to read. Get it, all ye who love books such as follow not too far behind in the wake of the *Histoire du romantisme*. That is all we have to say.

M. Armand Silvestre, in an excellent sonnet postscript to his new volume of poems (8), says that he is neither afflicted nor surprised (which means that he is both) at the people who blame him for his *Contes gaulois*. *Respondemus esse distinguendum*.

(1) *Etude sur l'histoire diplomatique de l'Europe*. Par le Comte de Barral. Deuxième partie, tome premier. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Trente-deux ans à travers l'Islam*. Par L. Roches. Paris: Firmin Didot.

(3) *Critique sociale*. Par Auguste Blanqui. 2 tomes. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *Correspondance de Juárez avec Montluc*. Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *Théâtre des grands et des petits enfants*. Par A. Leroy de la Brière. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *L'amour chez A. Daudet*. Par A. Albalat. Troisième édition. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Petits mémoires littéraires*. Par Charles Monselet. Paris: Charpentier.

(8) *Le chemin des étoiles*. Par Armand Silvestre. Paris: Charpentier.

We, at least, do not blame M. Silvestre for his *Contes gaulois*, but only for some of them, and for writing those some when he might be writing poems like these. There is nothing at all incongruous in a man being at once fond of extravagant fun and a devotee of ideal poetry and literary form. But he need not be dirty without being funny; that, surely, is not the way *trouver*, as he says, "l'idéal éperdu au fond du rire." When you come to reliance on the instruments which tormented M. de Pourceaugnac for fun we, for our part, think the *idéal éperdu* is more *éperdu* than *idéal*. As for M. Silvestre's verses, we have little but praise for them. Few writers have kept better than he has the old Parnassian style, and not a few of his pieces are worthy the famous volume of 1866.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A SKILLED biographer would be somewhat taxed in the attempt to set forth the life of Lord Salisbury within the limits of Mr. F. S. Pulling's two volumes, *The Life and Speeches of the Marquis of Salisbury* (Sampson Low). Mr. Pulling's work, however, must not be accepted as biography. Fortunate in the moment of its appearance, a little delay would have provided the author with a happier opportunity, and his book a singular completeness. As it is, he concludes by quoting the masterly speech on the Egyptian policy and the fall of Khartoum with the prefatory remark, "This book cannot conclude more fittingly than with the speech of Lord Salisbury on the 26th of February." The superior fitness of chronicling Lord Salisbury's accession to office was narrowly missed by Mr. Pulling. Of biography there is little in these volumes, the author wisely restricting himself to the more salient points in the statesman's career and a succinct statement of facts. He has made excellent use of Lord Salisbury's speeches, and incorporated them in his narrative with the skill that preserves a true continuity. Lord Salisbury's work in the House of Commons as Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Cranborne is dealt with too curtly, while his writings are almost ignored. Apart from these deficiencies, Mr. Pulling's work is well executed.

All book-lovers and readers of Mr. William Blades's work on Caxton should welcome *An Account of the German Morality-Play, entitled "Depositio Cornuti Typographici"* (Trübner & Co.) It is a worthy monument of the craft in which Mr. Blades is a master. The curious ceremonies that attended the freeing of printers' apprentices in Germany in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries still survive, though shorn of their quaint mummery and significance. Mr. Blades's book is full of interesting matter, illustrated with facsimiles of the title-pages of the earliest editions of the "Depositio," and many old cuts. It comprises also a metrical translation of Johann Rist's version of the play, printed at Frankfurt in 1677, a bibliography, and a suggestive essay on the social status of printers in Germany and England during the seventeenth century.

The excellent jest perpetrated last year by Herr C. M. Seyppel, and issued from Düsseldorf, is repeated in form, if not in matter, in *Sharp, Sharper, Sharpest: a Humorous Tale of Old Egypt* (Düsseldorf: Felix Bagel). The Shapira frauds are well-nigh forgotten; but the success of the German legend has stimulated the author to a second attempt, "done into the English tongue by two Mummies of the old Dynasty," and published at "Memphis, 35 Mummies Arcade (Ring three times)." The repetition does not, of course, possess the piquancy and audacity of its prototype. The simulation of antiquity is quite as clever, the illustrations fully as diverting, and the story—which takes the form of a ballad—is exceedingly droll. Even the serious Egyptologist, indifferent to the humour of the ballad, will not be proof against the artist's cunning travesty of old Egypt, and his whimsical archaic presentment. The process of embalming and the funeral procession (p. 12), the details of costume, the architecture and landscape, are admirably caricatured. Every line of the ballad is most ingeniously illustrated, even to the symbolizing of the least suggestion or dark allusive hint—of which there is a delightful example on p. 10. In a word, if *Sharp, Sharper, Sharpest* has not the charm of novelty, it is not less vivacious and entertaining than its predecessor.

The first half-yearly volume of *Book Lore* (Elliot Stock) is handsome in print and form, and abounding in papers of interest to book-collectors. Mr. Axon's bibliography of "Burton's Books," Lord Charles Bruce's account of the Althorpe Library, and an article on Henry Blundell, are valuable contributions to this excellent magazine.

While the Browning Society exists, Mr. Browning will not lack interpreters. In his pamphlet, *Browning as a Scientific Poet*, Mr. Edward Berdoo does not merely pose as an interpreter, for which we are grateful, who hold the old-fashioned view that the poet is the interpreter, and to interpret him is a superfluous affectation. Mr. Berdoo's quotations from Mr. Browning very completely prove that when the poet's diction is "scientific," his poetry all but evaporates.

Verse there is that defies analysis or classification, which demands quotation for its own sake, and of this is *Conan*; and other Poems (Pickering). If the reader can solve the enigma of the three opening stanzas of *Conan* he may possibly persevere in the solution of the poet's puzzles:—

The grass is high round Ethel's grave,
The moss is on the stone;
And half the name 'twas meant to save
Is, with a fragment, gone.

And there the briar creeps to clasp
Its thorny arms around,
Like a spirit risen up to grasp
The dead above the ground.
The adder and the blue-fly there
Are seen, no life beside;
And seldom they, for the sunlit air
Is seldom that inside.

We have received the *Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects* (H. Sotheran), with the Report of the Council, 1885, and of the meetings of the twenty-sixth session; and the *Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society* (privately printed), edited by Mr. R. S. Ferguson of Carlisle.

It may be noted that the *Naval and Military Gazette*, the oldest, we believe, of the Service newspapers, makes a fresh start this week, appearing in a new form, and with more miscellaneous contents. It appears to be well and sensibly written and edited, and we are glad to wish it good luck.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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